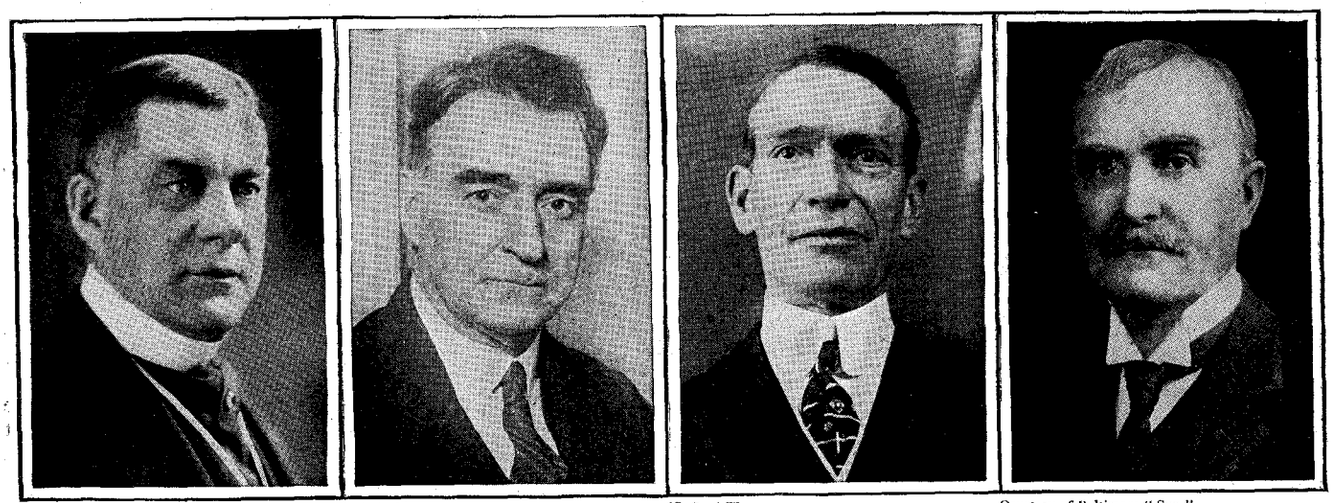
The Outlook

NOVEMBER 22, 1922



Keystone
FRANK L. GREENE,
OF VERMONT
Republican

P. & A. Photos
ROYAL S. COPELAND,
OF NEW YORK
Democrat

(C) Paul Thompson
EDWARD I. EDWARDS,
OF NEW JERSEY
Democrat

Courtesy of Baltimore "Sun"
WILLIAM CABELL BRUCE,
OF MARYLAND
Democrat

NEW SENATORS-ELECT

THE ELECTIONS: WHERE THE EXPECTED HAPPENED

So widely distributed were the reverses which the Republicans encountered on Election Day this year, November 7, in the States under their control that States like Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, and California stand up like islands in a sea of Democratic votes.

Of course Pennsylvania remained Republican. What swept Republicans out of power in other States was the protest against standpatism. It takes a veritable tidal wave to overthrow the Republican structure in Pennsylvania; but there was no tidal wave there because the Republican party itself had built a firm breakwater by nominating for the Governorship the progressive leader, Gifford Pinchot.

In Wisconsin the success of the Republican ticket was mainly nominal. It was really a success, and an overwhelming success at that, of the La Follette machine. There what Mr. John Ballard in his recent special correspondence in The Outlook described as "the revolt against the Yankee" was complete. Not only was La Follette himself sent back to the Senate, but La Follette's candidate for Governor was overwhelmingly elected and La Follette's ally, Victor Berger, was once more elected to Congress.

We comment elsewhere on the Republican success in Iowa, as a part of the revolt of the farmers. Substantially the election in that State was a defeat for the Republican machine, which was not heartily for the Brookhart candidacy.

In California the Republican candidates were generally successful; but elections in California have ceased to be signs of party strength. There nonpartisanship has been erected into a system. Hiram Johnson's triumphant re-election to the Senate is less of a victory for the party than a victory for himself personally and for the policies for which he stands. California sees in Hiram Johnson a man of outstanding personality, of great earnestness, and of devotion to a course which he believes essential to the liberties and rights of the people. This does not mean that all who voted for him always trust his judgment or approve his willingness on occasion to become virtual political partner of Hearst; but it does mean that they trust his general purpose and believe in his sincerity and ability. Like La Follette, Hiram Johnson has the record of remarkable achievement in his State; and in that fact alone may be found one great reason for the indorsement which the voters of the State have repeatedly given him.

The election of Friend W. Richardson, the Republican candidate for Governor, was not by any means merely a party triumph. In fact, the nomination of Mr. Richardson was a most unexpected reversal for the Republican organization. Mr. Richardson made his campaign for the nomination on the issue of economy. He is an old newspaper owner and editor, the only President the California Editorial Association has ever had; and he knew how to get his idea of economy before the voters of the State through the medium of the country press. He made his campaign in his own automobile and was his own chauffeur, and the talking he did was chiefly to business men informally in store and office and to farmers and orchardists in the open. Behind him was a record for economy and efficiency as State Treasurer. With this record and by this means of campaigning he defeated Governor Stephens for renomination. Then he proceeded to carry on a campaign for the Governorship. He placed himself on the "Dry" side of the prohibition issue, and he has again won. California thus, like practically every other State where the Republicans were successful, records not a victory for the Republican organization, but for a progressive group which had secured control of the party organization or gained the party nominations.

THE ELECTIONS: GAIN AND LOSS

The defeat of ex-Senator Beveridge in Indiana has been on the whole a disappointment to the country at large. Few men have rendered better service in the Senate than he. Mr. Ralston was chosen partly because the people of Indiana have respect for him and regard his record as Governor of the State with approval; but chiefly because he received the votes of those opposed to Mr. Beveridge. As we said last week, Mr. Beveridge's defeat was due in part to his war record, which did not please ex-service men; but it was also due to the fact that, in spite of his progressive record, radicals suspected him while conservatives feared him. He encoun-

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tered the opposition of those who appealed to race and group prejudice, and at the same time he had at least the passive opposition of the supporters of the Old Guard faction whom he defeated in the primary.

A distinct gain of National significance was the defeat of Mr. Pelletier as candidate for District Attorney in Suffolk County, Massachusetts. He had been not only displaced from office but disbarred. It was feared that his appeals to religious prejudice would bring about his re-election. After his disbarment a law was passed making only lawyers eligible for the District Attorneyship, but supporters of Mr. Pelletier had this law submitted to the people for a referendum. To the credit of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and particularly to the people of Boston, the law was sustained and Mr. Pelletier defeated.

In Maryland the defeat of Senator France was a gain to the Senate, not because of Senator France's opinions, but because of the fact that his candidacy depended largely upon appeals to prejudice and selfish interests. His successor will be William Cabell Bruce, a Democrat of the Underwood school and one of the best lawyers of Maryland.

From Missouri Mr. Reed goes back to the Senate as an anti-Wilson Democrat who has been conspicuous chiefly as a violent irreconcilable both in war and in peace.

In the defeat of Senator Sutherland, of West Virginia, the Senate loses a conscientious and useful member. His place will be taken by Matthew Mansfield Neely, a lawyer and a business man of the State.

THE ELECTIONS: NEWBERRYISM

In Michigan the defeat of Senator Townsend by Woodbridge N. Ferris was due undoubtedly in part to his defense of his colleague, Senator Newberry. It is a sound instinct which rouses the people against men whom they suspect of buying their way into the United States Senate. In the past the use of money for purchasing seats in the chief legislative body of a nation was the curse of the old English rotten-borough system. It has shown itself in the past in this country. The case of Senator Lorimer, of Illinois, bad as it was, was not the most flagrant in our history. If the people ever became indifferent to such abuses, self-government in America would face disaster. It is because in various sections of the country the people have seized upon the case of Senator Newberry as an example of such misuse of money that, not only in Michigan, but in other States, the defenders of Senator Newberry have encountered bitter opposition. At the same time a man like Gifford Pinchot has been able to spend an amount of money far exceeding the limit set in Michigan and has not suffered in the least for it. The reason for this is that in some way the people have not trusted the purposes of those who were behind Mr. Newberry, while they have trusted the purposes of those who were behind Mr. Pinchot.

That there was danger in demagogic appeals to this perfectly sound instinct ought to be plain to thinking men and women. In the State of Washington Senator Poindexter, one of the most useful and progressive of all the Senators, went down to defeat largely because he conscientiously voted to seat Mr. Newberry. In that case the campaign was affected by the purchase of a newspaper. The Seattle "Post Intelligencer," one of the most trustworthy newspapers on the coast, has become now one of the chain of the Hearst newspapers, and as such supported Mr. Poindexter's opponent, Mr. Dill, emphasizing the Newberry issue.

If the people want to keep the Senate free from the control of money power, they must be on their guard, not only against the open use of money for legitimate publicity, but against the use of money in getting political publicity indirectly. A man who controls great organs of public opinion by means of his wealth can advertise his policies and his candidature without having to account for it as political expenditures. The wealthy man who gains publicity by means of commercial advertising, which does not have to be accounted for as political expenditures, has a great political advantage. This issue really is not mainly concerning the amount of money expended; it usually resolves itself into an issue between a man or a group that the people trust and a man or a group that they do not trust.

THE ELECTIONS: FARMERS IN REVOLT

Agricultural discontent showed clearly in the results of the elections in the Western States. The farmer felt the post-war deflation before any other element in the country. The prices for his products are to-day below the economic level of the products of our manufacturing centers.

We quote two paragraphs from Mr. Mark Sullivan's account in the New York "Evening Post" of conditions in this region:

> West of the Missouri River, in the wheat and potato country, and to only a slightly less extent in the cattle-raising territory, there is a condition of business distress and political radicalism so extreme that the rest of the country refuses to take it as seriously as the facts are. In the writer's recent campaign trip through parts of this territory the stories about local banks and individual business in actual or incipient bankruptcy were so extreme that one hesitated to print them without investigation and verification.
>
> Among other things, I was told that in some counties of Montana the schools would not open this fall because the farmers could not meet the taxes to support them. In this wheat and potato territory, and because of this condition, the issue that all the local candidates talked about and that all the people wanted to hear about, was not the tariff, nor prohibition, nor foreign relations, nor any of the other issues that the East talked about and heard about. The issue in this wheat and potato territory was deflation and the Federal Reserve Board—in short, the National system of currency, banking, and credit. The farmers in this territory blame their troubles on the policy of deflation, and that was what they wanted to talk about and hear about.

The farmer has come to realize that income is a matter of purchasing power, and not a matter of dollars and cents received. In this respect farmers are better economists than leaders of organized labor—perhaps because farmers have paid more dearly for their education. This understanding of the disadvantages under which they have been laboring, combined with an increased sense of political power and group interest, has brought forward radical farm representatives whose remedies are not always carefully conceived.

Perhaps the outstanding Senator of this type who will appear in Washington as a result of farmer dissatisfaction is Smith W. Brookhart, of Iowa. Brookhart has been a teacher in a country school, a farmer who has won prizes for his pigs, apples, and corn, and a man with a splendid record in the war. He was a former National Guard colonel who attained the same rank in the National service. Senator Brookhart is pledged to work for the repeal of the Esch-Cummins Act, the reopening of the Newberry case, and a "real soldier's bonus." Senator Brookhart is in his early fifties and is the father of five children.

Less radical than Brookhart is the representative of the farm bloc who will speak for Nebraska in the Senate. Senator Howell was supported by the Non-Partisan League, the German element in the Nebraska electorate, and the prohibitionists. Mr. Howell is bone-dry. Senator-elect Howell is reported to be against the ship subsidy, for a soldier bonus, and for a rational tariff. The meaning of the last phrase is distinctly a matter of definition.

The fact that Mr. Howell was a manager of General Leonard Wood's Presidential campaign in Nebraska does not lead one to fear much from the fact that he was supported by the German ele-

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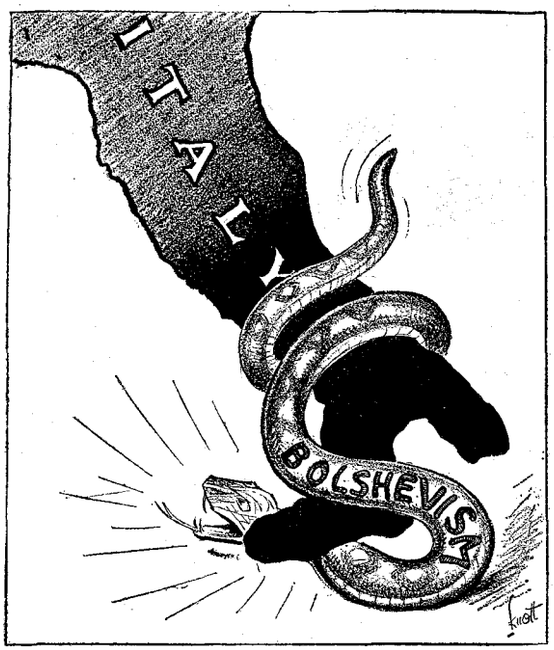
CONFUSED EVENTS, NEW HATCHED

(Macbeth, Act II, Scene 3)

Reid in the New York Evening Mail

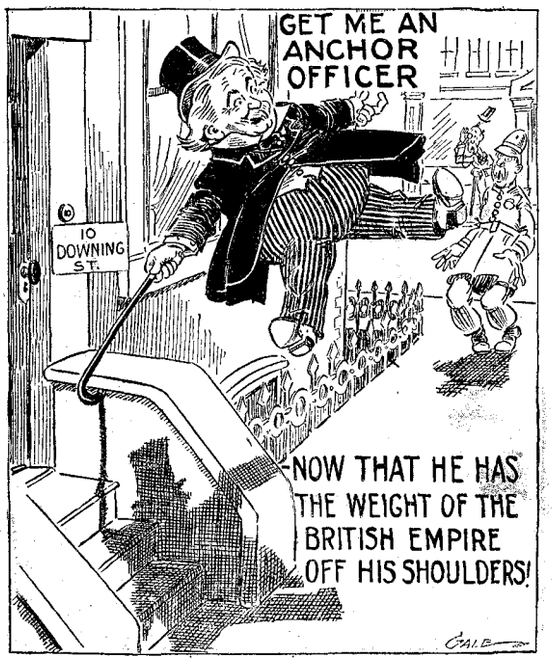
HE HAS SUCH COMPELLING WAYS

Knott in the Dallas (Texas) News



STEPPED ON!

Gale in the Los Angeles Times



HOW LLOYD GEORGE MUST FEEL

From Aresia Vickery, Los Angeles, Cal.

Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch

THE LAST ARGUMENT OF KINGS

From M. Hynes, St. Louis, Mo.

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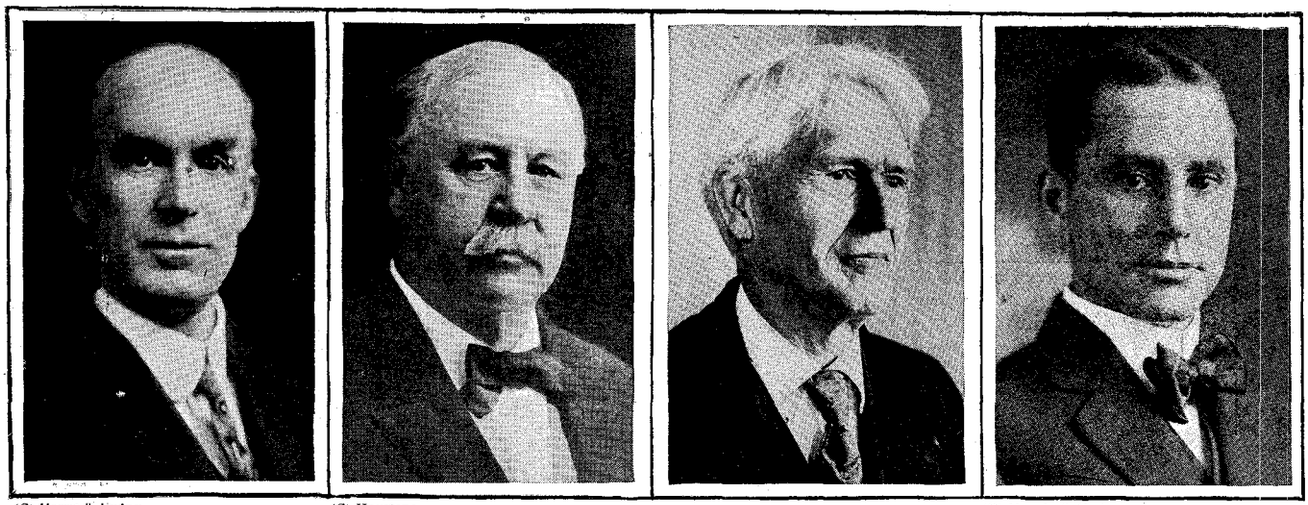

(C) Harris & Ewing
SIMEON D. FESS,
OF OHIO
Republican

(C) Keystone
SAMUEL M. RALSTON,
OF INDIANA
Democrat

WOODBRIDGE N. FERRIS,
OF MICHIGAN
Democrat

(C) Harris & Ewing
MATTHEW M. NEELY,
OF WEST VIRGINIA
Democrat

NEW SENATORS-ELECT

ment. Senator Howell is well known for his management of the municipally owned utilities of the city of Omaha. He is a graduate of Annapolis and is in his fifty-ninth year.

Nebraska elected for its Governor Mr. Charles W. Bryan, the brother of William Jennings Bryan. Mr. Bryan has been for many years the publisher of the "Commoner."

At first it appeared that the Non-Partisan League had failed in its attempt to elect Lynn J. Frazier to the Senate. Later returns, however, indicate that Mr. Frazier has been elected. He represents an extreme phase of the agricultural unrest which has been behind the Socialistic policies of the Non-Partisan League.

Another new Senator who will belong to the farm bloc is Dr. Henrik Shipstead, a St. Paul dentist, who will represent Minnesota. Dr. Shipstead is in his early forties, and owes his election to the votes of labor interests and the Non-Partisan League. He defeated the veteran Senator Kellogg, whose loss will be keenly felt in the Senate. Dr. Shipstead stands for the repeal of the Esch-Cummins Act, a "real bonus law," a reorganization of the Federal Reserve system, and the unseating of Senator Newberry.

THE ELECTIONS: A STANDPATTER PULLS THROUGH

In contrast to the farmer radicals of the Middle West stands out Simeon D. Fess. Senator-elect Fess has long been a member of the lower house and has a record of never voting against the President except once. Then he voted to override Mr. Harding's veto of the Bonus Bill. Senator Fess before entering politics was President of Antioch College and is the author of an "Outline of American History" and of a text-book on physiology. In 1920 he was Chairman of the Republican National Congressional Committee.

While Ohio went Republican so far as its Senatorial representative is concerned, it showed its independence by electing a Democratic Governor, Mr. A. V. Donahey.

THE ELECTIONS: THREE SOUTHERN STATES

In the South the State of Georgia has chosen Walter F. George, formerly Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Georgia, to succeed the late Senator Watson. His supporters claim that, despite his acceptance of many of the Watson doctrines, he will be more conservative than Georgia's late representative in the upper house.

Texas sends to the Senate a Democrat who won his nomination by defeating the able Senator Culberson and seven other

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HUBERT D. STEPHENS,
OF MISSISSIPPI
Democrat

Keystone
WALTER F. GEORGE,
OF GEORGIA
Democrat

Paul Thompson
EARLE B. MAYFIELD,
OF TEXAS
Democrat

Keystone
R. BEECHER HOWELL,
OF NEBRASKA
Republican

NEW SENATORS-ELECT

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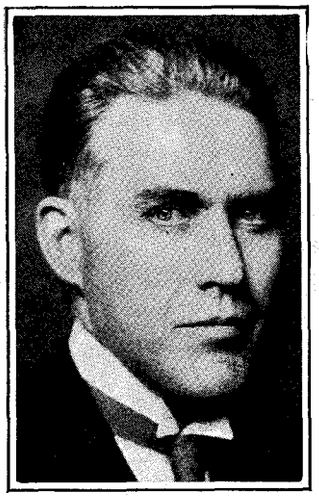
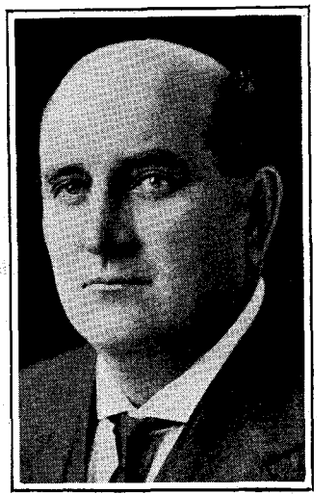


DR. HENRIK SHIPSTEAD,
OF MINNESOTA
Farmer-Labor



LYNN J. FRAZIER,
OF NORTH DAKOTA
Republican

Paul Thompson

B. K. WHEELER,
OF MONTANA
Democrat

Harris & Ewing

C. C. DILL,
OF WASHINGTON STATE
Democrat

NEW SENATORS-ELECT

aspirants for public office. Senator-elect Mayfield was supported by the Ku Klux Klan, and estimates vary as to the effect of this support upon his success.

Mississippi has happily shaken itself free from the Bilbo-Vardaman tradition by sending Hubert Durrett Stephens as successor to John Sharp Williams. Mr. Stephens will not find it easy to fill the place left vacant by the departure of Senator Williams from the Senate, but Mississippi has done herself credit by his election.

THE VOICES OF THE PEOPLE

"THESE United States" is something more than a linguistic survival. The division of our Nation into units with power over their own internal development has a present-day validity which it is sometimes hard for foreign observers to understand. It is easier for such an observer to understand the historical difference between France and Switzerland than it is to comprehend the subtler distinctions which differentiate the character of our individual States.

There is a tendency for Americans to think of State rights as artificial when they prevent them from doing what they wish. Perhaps for this reason we do not give them credit enough for the advantages which they afford us. We object to State barriers when they prevent us from protecting the children of the Nation as we believe they should be protected. We do not remember at the same time that our compartment system of Government permits us to try out political experiments by a laboratory method which would be impossible under any other form of government.

To the foreigner our multitudinous divorce laws often seem nothing less than ridiculous. To the American, who understands the spirit of his Government, these divorce laws are an indication of diverse public opinions which could not be harmonized without a moral sacrifice on the part of large portions of our population. This diversity of State opinion is well illustrated by the popular referendums at the last election. We have not seen the text of many of these amendments, but their purport seems clear enough from newspaper accounts of the votes.

In the social field we find that South Dakota voted two to one for a strict ban on all Sunday festivities. Montana, on the other hand, authorized the adoption of a pari-mutuel system of betting on horse-races. Nevada, by popular vote, has refused to change its divorce laws. Massachusetts declines to censor her motion pictures.

Massachusetts rejected the measure providing for more stringent State prohibition enforcement, but California took

International

WILLIAM S. FLYNN,
OF RHODE ISLAND
Democrat

(C) Bachrach

E. TEMPLETON,
OF CONNECTICUT
Republican

(C) Paul Thompson

ALFRED E. SMITH,
OF NEW YORK
Democrat

International

GEORGE S. SILZER,
OF NEW JERSEY
Democrat

NEW GOVERNORS-ELECT

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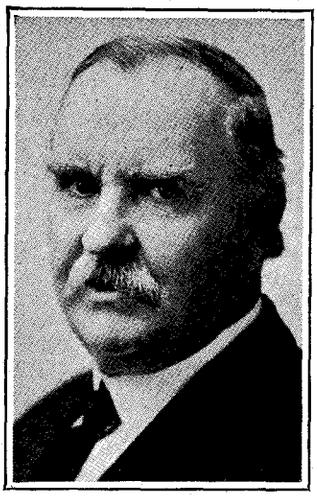
(C) Baker from Keystone

A. V. DONAHEY,
OF OHIO
Democrat

International

CHARLES W. BRYAN,
OF NEBRASKA
Democrat



FRIEND W. RICHARDSON,
OF CALIFORNIA
Republican

NEW GOVERNORS-ELECT

the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act to its bosom by incorporating them in her statutes. San Francisco and Sacramento voted against such incorporation; all the other large cities of California, all of southern California, and most of the San Joaquin and Sacramento Valley combined to carry the measure through. By a large majority Ohio defeated a measure designed to throw the burden of enforcing the Eighteenth Amendment upon the Federal Government.

The popularity of the proposition to grant a bonus to veterans is indicated by the votes of the six States confronted with the proposal to use State funds for this purpose. Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, California, and Montana voted heavily to this end. From Oklahoma the final figures are not available, though the indications are that a bonus proposal has been passed.

Oregon manifested her faith in her public school system by adopting a law which requires children between the ages of eight and sixteen years to attend public school. Only those who are physically incapable, those who have completed the eighth grade, and those who live at inconvenient distances from schools or are taught by parents or private teachers are exempt. These, however, must have their education supervised by the State. Though opposition to this law came largely from Catholics and Protestants interested in church schools, it ought to have been opposed by all who believe in freedom of education. In this the voters of Oregon have adopted what is fundamentally an undemocratic measure.

Sentimentalists failed when anti-vivisection laws were defeated in California and Colorado. Washington struck a blow for her children by defeating the attempt to prohibit the physical examination of children except with the consent of their parents.

Florida voted, among other things, to increase the school taxes of the State.

THE DANGER IN THE NEAR EAST

When the date for the assembly at Lausanne of the delegates of the Powers specially interested in the Near East was changed from November 13 to November 20, it was a slight concession to the wishes of Great Britain that the later date was fixed. Up to November 15 the only authorized delegates to appear at Lausanne were those of the Nationalist Turkish Government. The feeling among British diplomats that led to the short postponement and their evident desire for a longer postponement arose because the acts of the Nationalist Assembly at Angora since the pact made at Mudania have altered the situation. Most spectacular among these acts was the Turkish demand that the British and French forces in Constantinople should abandon the city and that non-Turkish vessels entering the Straits of Dardanelles should be ordered to take out permits from the Nationalist Government. This was not only an unparalleled piece of international impudence, but was entirely outside the Mudania agreement. Apart from this, the Kemalists have extended their already sweeping demands, have been expressing their insistence on the abolishment of the capitulations (extraterritorial rights long conceded to foreign nations in Turkey), and have repeatedly declared that nothing but full sovereign rights to Turkey under the Nationalist Government would be considered. This last would, taken literally, include the right to fortify the Straits as against foreign warships if Turkey should so desire.

In view of all this, it cannot be said that the situation in the Near East is free from serious danger. It is natural enough that the Kemalists, swollen by their easy success over the weak-kneed Greek army, should consider this their appropriate time to bluff and bluster. They are trying in every way to sound the sincerity of the purpose of Great Britain, France, and Italy to act together. It is no wonder, then, that an effort to strengthen and clarify the mutual intentions of Great Britain and France is desirable as a condition precedent to the Lausanne Conference. Ismet Pasha, who heads the Turkish delegation at Lausanne, darkly hints that the military success of Kemal in Asia Minor has put the Nationalists in such a position that they need not fear compulsion from any direction.

The exodus of Greeks and Armenians is now from Constantinople as well as from Eastern Thrace into Western Thrace. Many thousands of Christian and Jewish people, including large numbers of employees of American firms, are trying to get away from Constantinople, and rumors continue to be spread of danger of massacre and conflagration. The proposal of a state of siege or military control over Constantinople has been discussed between France, Italy, and Great Britain.

Mr. Lloyd George in one of his campaign speeches expressed his view of the situation when he said: "The Treaty of Mudania, which was won by firmness, has been torn to shreds by the Turks." Lord Curzon declares: "The policy of the Turk is one of nationalism gone wild and is almost suicidal in its character.

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The pretensions of the Turks cannot be tolerated."

THE EARTHQUAKE CATASTROPHE IN CHILE

It is impossible at this writing to estimate with any degree of accuracy the number of fatalities from the earthquake of November 11 in Chile. Probably a thousand perished, and the fatalities may be largely in excess of that number. The disaster affected a great stretch near the coast; much, if not most, of the damage was inflicted by a tremendous wave which followed a subsidence or break beneath the bottom of the sea; so that, first, enormous quantities of water sank through the crevices, and, secondly, its withdrawal caused an inrush of the ocean. The towns of Coquimbo, Copiapo, and Valenar were seriously damaged and the last was practically destroyed. Numerous small places and country districts were devastated; the length of the territory damaged is put at about 1,200 miles.

Earthquakes are no novelty in Chile. As long ago as 1853 the town of Concepcion was destroyed by an earthquake quite similar to that now recorded, and the whole country along the coast has often suffered from smaller disasters of this kind.

CAUSE AND HISTORY OF EARTHQUAKES

Of all convulsions of nature an earthquake is undoubtedly the most terrifying, both because of the vastness and mystery of the overwhelming power which produces it and because man can neither escape from it nor protect himself against it. The ancients, as modern barbarians do, ascribed earthquakes to the malevolence of demons or to the anger of outraged gods. All unusual and gigantic phenomena of nature, they thought, were produced by supernatural causes. Thus Herodotus, whose history is one of the great classics of all literature, in two passages mentions eclipses as prodigies or portents of the gods, in both cases unfavorable to the Greeks and foreshadowing their destruction. Science, however, made earlier and more rapid progress in astronomy than in seismology, a term of very old Greek derivation employed by geologists to define the very modern study of earthquakes. For, while the Greeks and Egyptians knew something about the cause of eclipses before the Christian Era, it is only within a few decades that an attempt has been made to formulate the causes of earthquakes. Even now a good deal of explanation of earthquake phenomena is hypothetical. In general, however, it may be said that scientific investigators believe that earthquakes are caused in two ways—either by the explosive pressure of volcanic gases in the molten interior of the earth or by the slipping or displacement of gigantic strata of rock under the earth's surface. In the one case the earthquake is a monstrous explosion, in the other a monstrous landslide.

In most recorded cases the landslide or explosion has taken place near the sea or under its bed, so that it has been accompanied by a violent and death-dealing tidal wave. The earthquake that destroyed Lisbon in 1755 was followed by a tidal wave which swept the shores of Portugal and drowned or dashed to death thousands of human beings. Altogether 40,000 lives were lost in that disaster. Messina was shaken by an earthquake in 1783 and again in 1908, and on the latter occasion a great tidal wave wrought much of the destruction which resulted in the death of 60,000 persons. The recent Chilean earthquake and tidal wave, while terrible and sad enough, are not comparable in magnitude to the Portuguese and Italian disasters, nor probably, in loss of life, to two great earthquakes which have stricken India during the last twenty-five years. It is not surprising that there were times when the Hebrew poet thought man to be a puny thing in the midst of the incalculable forces of nature: "What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him? . . . Thou hast made the earth to tremble; thou hast broken it. Heal the breaches thereof; for it shaketh. . . . He looketh on the earth, and it trembleth; he toucheth the hills, and they smoke!"

ANSWER TO THE ROLL CALL

The sixth annual Roll Call of the Red Cross is now under way and will continue until Thanksgiving Day. Once a year the Red Cross appeals to the American public to join in its work. The Roll Call is just what the name indicates; a call to members to renew their membership and to those not members to find out what the Red Cross is and does and then become members. This is not a "drive" in the usual meaning of an attempt to raise contributions and donations; no doubt the National Red Cross welcomes at any time of the year new memberships and special contributions, but its sole direct appeal to the public is to join in membership.

We do not know what the exact figures of membership are at present. A year ago there were about six million members—a much larger membership than had existed before the war.

As probably most of our readers know, the membership fees, amounting to several million dollars, go directly for relief purposes; the beautiful National Red Cross building in Washington was paid for from special contributions made for that purpose; the National officers, or most of them, either serve without pay or are paid from special contributions made outside the membership fees; thus membership fees paid by individuals go intact to carry out the work of the association.

WHAT THE RED CROSS DOES

What is that work, now that the war has long since been ended? This is a question sometimes asked, and easily answered. The watchword of the Red Cross is "Always Ready." One big part of its work is to be ready for emergencies. When such disasters happen as those at San Francisco and Galveston and Tulsa, and now Smyrna, relief and help cannot be improvised in a minute. This is just what the Red Cross is for; to have funds, railway trains, nurses, doctors, medical supplies, food, tents, ready to send with speed to any place where the need is great.

The greatest emergency this century has seen was the emergency of the Great War. What the Red Cross did need not now be recapitulated. It can be told only in terms of many millions of money and of arduous and unpaid service of many thousands of men and women.

Since the war the Red Cross has rendered services of vast magnitude in devastated countries and regions; nor is its work in this direction to be confined to the ravages of the past. President Harding, who is the President of the American Red Cross, in announcing the present Roll Call, points out that a fearful emergency exists abroad at this moment. In the Near East, he says, "the lives of millions of unfortunate people even now depend and must continue for a long time to depend on the untiring liberality of more favored communities."

The relief that is to come from this country must be rendered, as President Harding points out, almost entirely through co-operation between the Red Cross, the Near East Relief, and some smaller agencies. It is understood that the Red Cross expects to spend for the Near East at least five million dollars. It could not spend it now if it did not have it now; it would not have it now if it had not been for the membership fees of last year. On the day we go to press the American Red Cross has cabled to Red Cross chapters in Chile offering aid to sufferers from the earthquake.

One other among many activities of the Red Cross may be mentioned, namely, the aid it renders to the returned American soldier. Colonel Forbes, the Director of the Veterans'

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Bureau, speaking for the ex-service man, says: "Whether it be a matter of calling the Bureau's attention to an unrewarded claim, or an ill man needing hospitalization, or of tiding the sick veteran over the time which must elapse before Government aid can be offered, the Red Cross is always on the job with expert service and the necessary goods."

These are only the larger divisions of the humane work of the American Red Cross. Its public health activities, its encouragement of sound sanitary systems, its education in first aid, its training of nurses, its work in the schools, are less outstanding, but combined are extremely valuable.

We join with President Harding in urging Americans to renew their allegiance to the Red Cross "in the interests of our common humanity and of the service which we owe to our fellow-men."

THE ELECTION AS A SCHOOL

Midnight, October 22, 1780.

Franklin. Eh! oh! eh! What nave I done to merit these cruel sufferings?

Gout. Many things: you have ate and drunk too freely and too much indulged those legs of yours in their indolence.

Franklin. Who is it that accuses me?

Gout. It is I, even I, the Gout.

Franklin. What? My enemy in person?

Gout. No, not your enemy.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, whose paper in the form of a dialogue between himself and the gout thus begins, was wise enough to learn the uses of adversity. What the gout was to Franklin failure can be made to be to any one. It can be made to serve as a physician, a teacher, a good friend.

Fools encounter defeat or censure, and become angry.

The timid encounter defeat or censure, and become discouraged.

The wise encounter defeat or censure, and learn from it.

Whether the elections on November 7 were a victory for the Democratic party is disputed; but it is universally recognized that those elections were a defeat for the Republican party. There is reason for doubt whether the people by their votes were eager to register their approval of the Democratic party; but there is no doubt that they registered censure for the Republican party.

By our laws the Republican party, in spite of the adverse vote, will remain in power in the National Administration for over two years to come; and will even continue in control of Congress by the present overwhelming majority until next March, and by a narrower margin for two years thereafter. It is therefore of great concern to the Nation whether the rebuke administered at the polls will cause the Republican leaders to be angry, or discouraged, or willing to learn.

If experience of the past is any guide for the future, it is certain that some Republican leaders will have learned nothing. When in 1910 the people began to show dissatisfaction with the conduct of the Government, Republican leaders in power paid little attention; and when the revolt came they proved their incapacity for authority by a course which was guided by anger and resentment. Again in 1916 Republican leaders had a great opportunity of profiting by their lesson, but this time, to their undoing, they were guided by timidity. We hope for the sake of the country that such leaders will not prove to be in control of the dominant party now. We hope that those who are in position of authority in the party will repress whatever anger they are inclined to and overcome whatever timidity they are tempted by, and will regard this election as a school.

If they do, they will find defeat a good teacher.

Defeat can teach them a lesson in leadership. A self-governing people like the Americans do not like bosses, but they demand leaders. They do not wish to be ordered about and told what to do; but they are ready to follow a man who understands their needs, has the insight to read their thoughts and interpret them aright, has the knowledge of the past to enable him to avoid pitfalls, has faith in the country's future, and has the authority of character and mind to direct the forces of government in carrying out the people's will. It is a mistake to believe that the people of America do not want leaders. It is a mistake to believe that the people are afraid to have those in positions of executive responsibility exercise authority. No two men in American history form a more striking contrast than Roosevelt and Wilson, but they both were willing to lead, and each found that the people were willing to follow him as long as they believed he represented their will and purpose. To-day there is a widespread feeling that the Administration has been reluctant to lead. In particular, it is felt that the President, out of a sincere and unselfish desire to promote the spirit of co-operation, has been too willing to forego opportunities for shaping legislation, for forming and guiding public opinion, and for controlling through executive authority such disturbances as the coal and railway strikes. There is a feeling also that within Congress itself there is lack of intelligent, public-spirited, courageous leadership. The people have common sense enough to know that the legislative and the executive machinery cannot run without direction. They want in charge of that machinery engineers who are willing to accept responsibility and exercise the corresponding authority.

Defeat can also teach Republican leaders a lesson in political appointments. Americans as a rule recognize the need of political organization. Indeed, they are among the most conservative people in the world in their loyalty to organized parties. During the past generation, however, they have been becoming more and more distrustful of party politics and party politicians. They are more sensitive than they were to appointments made for purely party reasons. They demand in every appointment at least the apparent justification of public service instead of party reward. They may not always be right in their judgment as to the men most fitted for public positions. They are willing to roll up a large vote for a man like Charles Steinmetz for the position of State Engineer in New York because, perhaps without sufficient reason, they believe that a man who has gained a great reputation as an inventor and as a scientist would be a good administrator of a public office that has to do with engineering; and they do this although Mr. Steinmetz had no place on either of the great party tickets. They believe that the appointment of Mr. Daugherty to the position of Attorney-General was not because he was the greatest lawyer available but because he was a powerful agent of the party in the State. They believe that the appointment of Mr. Reily to Porto Rico was not because he was the fittest man that could be found for the difficult task of colonial administrator, but because it was convenient to find some berth for a man who had rendered political service. They ought perhaps to remember that the former Administration made a worse appointment to Santo Domingo, and that the present Administration has chosen for Governor of the Philippines the greatest colonial administrator in history; but it ought not to be altogether distasteful to Republicans that the people should expect better things of this Administration than the worst of the preceding one, or that they should consider it natural that the high standard adopted in the Philippines should be applied to Porto Rico and elsewhere. That there is widespread dissatisfaction with the appointment of Dr. Sawyer as the Administration's chief spokesman concerning public health and public welfare is obvious, and it is no less pronounced because that appointment is attributed to personal rather than political causes. More and

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more people are demanding that appointments to public office should be made for public reasons.

Defeat ought to be able to teach Republican leaders a lesson in political management. Again and again Americans have shown their discontent with the old method, followed in both parties, known as log-rolling. The fact that the people themselves are apt to follow this method in local politics renders them no more tolerant of it when it is followed in National politics; indeed, it may be one of the very reasons why they are intolerant of it. They do not like petty ways of dealing with matters of National concern. In particular, they are outraged by the log-rolling method as applied to the tariff. Very few Americans know anything about the specific schedules of the Tariff Bill which Congress recently passed; but they saw those schedules determined by a log-rolling method. They saw their representatives swapping votes for the sake of satisfying special interests, giving a concession here for the sake of one interest in exchange for concessions on behalf of another interest. They have seen that method used again and again; and if they are disgusted with it more this time than ever before, it is because their disgust has become cumulative. It is this kind of political management that they identify with reaction. They are ready to trust almost any man who speaks to them in the terms of general interests as distinct from those who seek favor by giving favors for special interests.

Defeat possibly may teach Republican leaders, finally, a lesson in humanity. No matter how efficient, or high-minded, or industrious a public servant may be, Americans are not likely to trust him long with responsibility if they feel that he does not understand them and does not see the problems of the Nation in terms of the problems of the individuals who comprise the Nation. Men of widely different political opinions, widely different economic views, may all be successful in a single election if they all appear to the people to be thinking in terms of the experience of the individual men and women whom they seek to represent. Gifford Pinchot and Smith Brookhart, "Al" Smith and Henry Ford, to cite but four instances out of many, are men whom the people generally regard as human. It was this element of human understanding, the ability to think as the people themselves were thinking, that gave Theodore Roosevelt a unique place of leadership as long as he lived and will endear his memory to the American people through all coming generations. Such personalities cannot be made to order, but if party leaders wish to maintain their party in control they must find men who not only have integrity and public spirit and the genius for command, but also personal understanding of the ordinary man and woman.

These, we think, are some of the lessons which defeat may teach the Republican leaders if they are teachable. Perhaps at the end of their course of discipline they may be tempted to say to Defeat as Franklin said to the Gout: "I submit and thank you for the past, but intreat the discontinuance of your visits for the future; for in my mind one had better die than be cured so dolefully." And possibly they might profit, as indeed all political leaders would profit, if Gout's final warning might be put into the mouth of Defeat: "I know you too well. You promise fair, but after a few months of good health you will return to your old habits; your fine promises will be forgotten like the forms of the last year's clouds. Let us, then, finish the account, and I will go. But I leave you with an assurance of visiting you again at a proper time and place; for my object is your good, and you are sensible now that I am your real friend."

PROHIBITION

IF, as the "Wets" claim, prohibition was put over on an unsuspecting and unwilling public by the covert and cunning action of a small group of zealots and fanatics, the prohibitory law is certainly not going to stay on the statute-books without wide discussion and a good many rigorous tests of public sentiment.

The late election furnished some of those tests. The triumph of Senator Edwards in New Jersey certainly shows that an unmistakable majority of the voters of that State want beer and light wines, if not the good old American corner saloon. In New York the issue was somewhat obscured, although the "Drys" must admit that Governor Smith's overwhelming vote is an indication that the ardor of the women of the State for prohibition is not what it was thought to be. In Massachusetts the "Wets" claim to be encouraged by the election, although there the issue was, as in New York, obscured by other questions.

The "Drys," however, are justified in being jubilant about California and Ohio. California, in which wine-making was until recently a leading industry, has adopted by a clear majority a measure which insures effective State cooperation with the Federal authorities in enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment. This is really significant. And Ohio, which has never been a prohibition State, rolled up the extraordinary majority of 187,000 against light wines and beer.

The number of Americans who want a return of the gin-mill, the corner liquor saloon, the village barroom, is negligible. There are thousands of good citizens, however, who would like to be able to have a glass of claret with their dinner or a glass of beer on a summer evening while listening to a good band concert.

Now this picture of a glass of ruby Pontet Canet or of amber Liebfraumilch at the family dinner table and of a cooling stein of Pilsner or Würzburger at the family concert party is really very tempting. The trouble is that these nice things cannot be had without the liquor saloon. It has been tried, and the attempt has failed over and over again. The dispensary system has failed in the South; the Gothenburg system has failed in the Scandinavian countries. It seems to be pretty conclusive that if we take beer and light wines we must take the grog-shop along with them. The man who says, "Oh, no! I don't want the saloon back again; all I want is light wine and beer," either does not know what he is talking about or does not really mean what he says. What he really means is that, saloon or no saloon, he ought not to be deprived of his personal pleasure. Don Marquis, the genial and perspicacious satirist of the New York "Tribune," hits the nail on the head with this well-aimed stroke:

> "If they do make light wines an' beers legal," grumbled Clem Hawley, The Old Soak, yesterday, "that ain't gonna mean much to us drinkin' men. The trouble with light wines is that they're light. An' the trouble with beer is that it takes up room that orter to be used for hard liquor."

Stripped of all sophism, the question is simply a problem in social expediency. Is it better for the Nation to insist upon the personal liberty of every man to decide for himself about the use of alcoholic beverages or to insist upon the sacrifice of that form of personal liberty in order to abolish the liquor saloon with the alcoholism, the vice, the crime, and the political corruption which it inevitably produces?

Prohibition is not a matter of abstract morals; it is a matter of social welfare, like the abolition of the personal liberty of spitting where one chooses or the institution of compulsory vaccination. Viewed in this light, it is the greatest and most interesting experiment that has ever been tried in the history of civilization. It is certainly worth trying fairly and honestly. Notwithstanding New Jersey, we believe that a substantial majority of Americans want to see that trial made.

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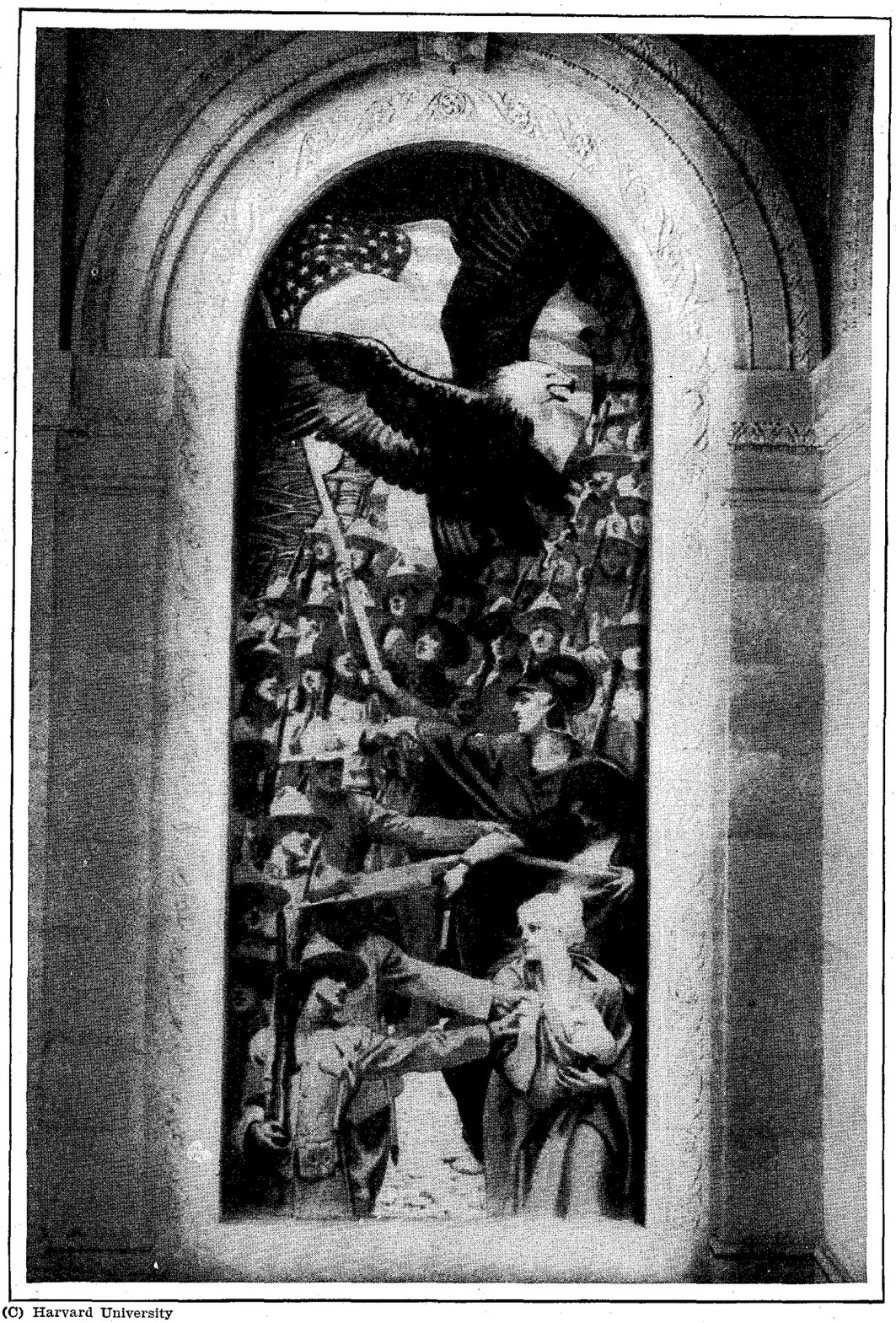
HARVARD'S NEW



(C) Harvard University

John S. Sargent's new mural paintings for the Widener Memorial Library of Harvard University have recently been unveiled. They constitute a memorial to the Harvard men who gave their lives to the cause of the Allies in the World War. The subjects represented are the symbols of Death and Victory, and the Coming of the Americans to Europe. In the latter panel Mr. Sargent has filled the space with a mighty column of American youths in uniform, slashing the composition boldly from right to left. In the lower right-hand side are three figures symbolic of France, Belgium, and England. France, in the foreground, wearing the Phrygian cap, carries an infant on her left arm and stretches out her right to receive the support of the American soldiers. Behind her, Belgium, a broken sword in her hand, has swooned, and is upheld by other soldiers, while she

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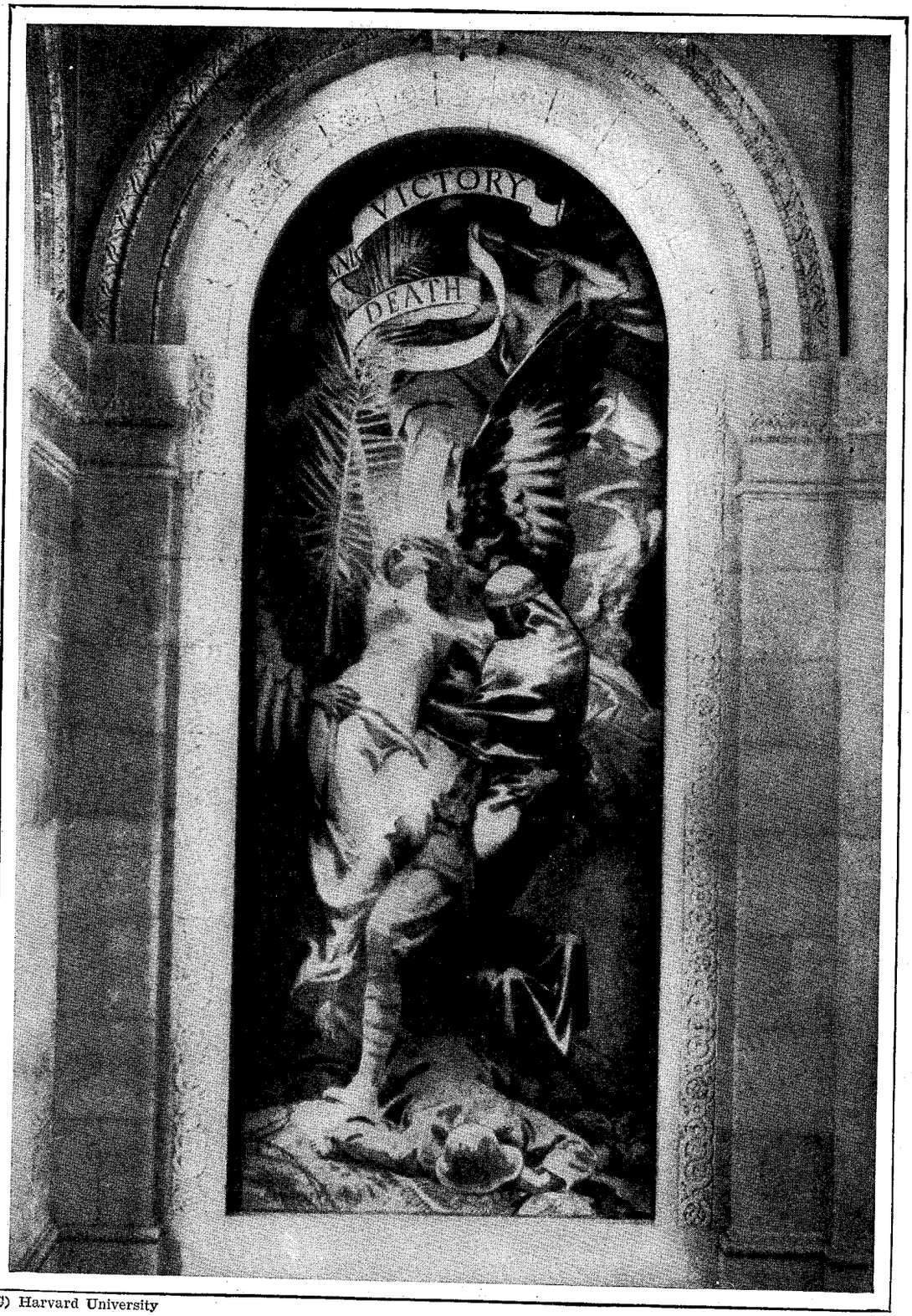
WAR MEMORIAL



(C) Harvard University

protects herself partially with the robe of Britannia, a helmeted figure behind her. In the upper left-hand corner is a magnificent representation of the American eagle, silhouetted against the flag. Behind the soldiers can be made out a conventionalized representation of the sea. In the other panel the motif is that of a mortally wounded soldier clasping in his left arm the shrouded figure of Death, and in his right the Winged Victory. Beneath his feet lies a fallen private, and above him are angels blowing trumpets. The face of Death is hidden and the figure wears a crown, but the effect is somber and terrifying. The Victory, on the other hand, is of a light golden color, affording a radiant contrast to the genius of Death. We have taken this description from an article by Professor G. H. Edgell in the "Harvard Alumni Bulletin"

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UNDER FOUR PRESIDENTS

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF OSCAR S. STRAUS

CHAPTER XII—THE WORLD WAR

TOURING through Normandy late in July, 1914, we met some friends who had just come from Paris, who told us that war was imminent and from best reports would break out within a very few days. We hurried to Paris, and in the course of twenty-four hours the whole aspect of the city had changed. The air throbbed with the "Marseillaise." Everywhere there were crowds, but they were neither boisterous nor hilarious. Everywhere there was an air of tension and determination, vastly unlike the usual mood of jovial, happy Paris.

Starting at once for London, we found it impossible to get train accommodations, so we motored to Dieppe. The ordinary capacity of the boat for Newhaven was five hundred passengers, but it was packed with some two thousand persons on this voyage, mainly Americans. The Calais-Dover crossing of the Channel had already been suspended.

On the train from Newhaven to London a curious incident occurred that indicated the derangement of things. I had four fares to pay, amounting to about three pounds. I handed the conductor a five-pound Bank of England note. He took it, but shortly returned, saying he could accept nothing but gold. I expostulated with him, told him I had no gold, and since a bank note was valid tender I insisted upon its acceptance. But the upshot was that he preferred to take my card with my London address! My credit at that moment seemed better than that of the Bank of England.

In London soon afterwards, at the Waldorf Hotel, before a meeting of several thousand stranded Americans, I made a short address to the panic-stricken assembly, assured them they had nothing to fear and were as safe in London as if they were in New York, and that our committee would remain with them and help them get suitable transportation as early as practicable. There was loud cheering and my words seemed to have a comforting effect.

A group of us at once organized a special committee for the aid of Americans in Europe. At the Hotel Savoy several large salons were placed at our disposal, so that we had room for the various departments that needed to be formed to attend to the wants of the many terrified Americans who were pouring into London from all over the Continent. I was made chairman of the Embassy Committee, of which Ambassador Page was honorary chairman, and the American Ambassadors to France, Germany, Austria, and the Ministers to Holland and Belgium were made advisory members. Many British friends who visited our rooms marveled at the promptness and efficiency with which we despatched business under the circumstances, and were solicitous for the health of "the unofficial ambassador," as I was being called, and his staff.

Brown Bros.

"We hurried to Paris, and in the course of twenty-four hours the whole aspect of the city was changed. The air throbbed with the 'Marseillaise.'" This picture shows the outskirts of Paris in the early days of the war

EARL GREY AND WALDORF ASTOR

One day Earl Grey paid me a visit at our headquarters, and with him was Mrs. Waldorf Astor, now Viscountess Astor, who insisted that Mrs. Straus and I spend the week-end at Cliveden, their residence, a short distance out of London. Other guests were Earl Grey, Geoffrey Robinson, editor of the London "Times," and several editors of the "Round Table," a political quarterly.

Mr. Waldorf Astor was an earnest, modest young man, then about thirty-four years old, unspoiled by his enormous wealth. He was devoting much of his wealth as well as his parliamentary activities to philanthropic work, including the treatment and prevention of tuberculosis, and in this connection had been in touch with my brother Nathan in regard to milk pasteurization.

When England entered the war, the diplomatic correspondence was published in what was called the British "White Paper." Sir Edward Grey, now Viscount Grey, had made a speech in Parliament, of which I read the published version in this "White Paper." It happened that on that very day Earl Grey, cousin to Sir Edward, was lunching with me at my hotel, and I pointed out to him the necessity of making clear, especially for the American public, that the reason England had joined the Allies was not so much on Belgium's account, but to uphold the sanctity of international obligations. This concerned not alone the belligerent nations, but all the nations. Without the sanctity of international obligations the war, no matter how it ended, would cause a reversion to a state of international barbarity. Earl Grey suggested that I discuss the subject with his cousin, and a few days later we three sat down to a simple luncheon at Earl Grey's home on South Street, in Park Lane.

Sir Edward Grey spoke earnestly and frankly. He felt the great responsibility of the decision that brought England into the war, and said he had often asked himself whether he could have done otherwise. There was nothing chauvinistic in either his attitude or his arguments. It was plain that he had weighed the entire issue carefully. His open-mindedness, simplicity, and straightforwardness of manner, his great ability and humanitarian zeal, impressed me.

I mentioned the importance of having Russia grant civil and religious rights to her subject nationalities, that the failure of such action would weaken the moral cause of the Allies, and that from an American point of view it was important that Russia give some evidence of a liberal spirit, otherwise it might be feared that victory for the Allies would

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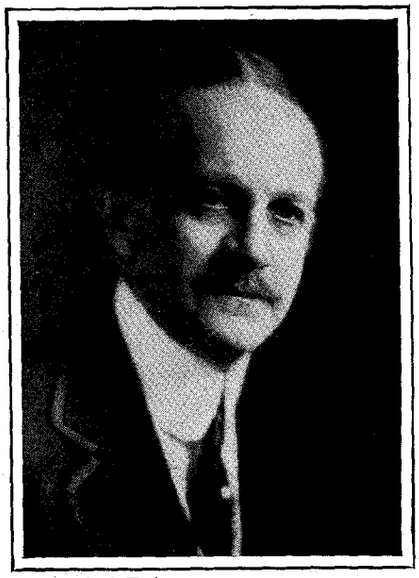


(C) Harris & Ewing

Count von Bernstorff, to whom Mr. Straus broached the subject of mediation in the early days of the war at a dinner at the home of Mr. James Speyer

redound mainly to the advantage of autocracy in Russia. I contended that it was not a question of humanity, but plain state policy, and that it was important that the Governments of Great Britain and France bring Russia, as their ally, into line. I had received several cables from prominent men in New York and Boston who had thus expressed the American point of view.

A MESSAGE TO AMERICA ON BRITISH WAR VIEWS

Earl Grey suggested, in accordance with my remarks of a few days before about the necessity of making clear England's position in entering the war, that I give out an interview to the American press covering the substance of our conversation. I demurred. Naturally I hesitated to state publicly the delicate and critical questions that the British Minister of Foreign Affairs had so frankly discussed with me. However, Sir Edward himself said he would appreciate my doing so, for he had perfect confidence in my doing it without embarrassment to his country. I therefore agreed to it, with the proviso that he approve the interview before it was released for publication.

I got in touch with the representatives of the American papers in London and that evening gave out the interview. The next morning I sent a copy to Sir Edward, who returned it to me without a single change, saying he approved both its form and content. The matter was then cabled to America, published in our leading papers on August 15, and cabled back for republication in the British papers.

Thereafter the London papers came to me for further interviews, and in a subsequent statement I dwelt more specifically on the importance of Russia's fair treatment of her subject nationalities, particularly the Jews, who had suffered most. The press representatives asked whether they might show my interview to Lord Weardale and, if possible, get his comment, to which I gladly consented.

He had been head of the Parliamentary deputation that visited Russia the year before. He told me later that he had already written the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, Sazonoff, along the identical lines of my interviews. He supplemented what I had stated with an interview, saying, among other things:

> It would be an immense step in the path of progress of Russia herself and would create a profound sentiment of satisfaction in the civilized world if the Czar at such a juncture were to give emphatic indorsement to his already declared intention to give full religious liberty to all his peoples. It is not enough to be powerful in the battlefield; it is even more important to conquer the approval of the human conscience.

The Government and people of Great Britain were very solicitous at that time regarding public opinion in America and the probable attitude of our Government. In many quarters there was a feeling of uncertainty and even of misgiving toward the statement by President Wilson respecting an offer of mediation at the opportune moment, in accordance with the provisions of the Hague Treaty. Because of this and other considerations, Sir Edward Grey and others recognized the importance of having Russia give evidence of a more enlightened spirit.

We left London at the end of August, and soon after our arrival home Mr. James Speyer invited Mrs. Straus and myself to dine with him at his summer home at Briarcliff. Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Vanderlip were expected, and Count von Bernstorff would be there. As Mrs. Straus was rather worn out by her London experience, I went alone.

AT DINNER WITH BERNSTORFF

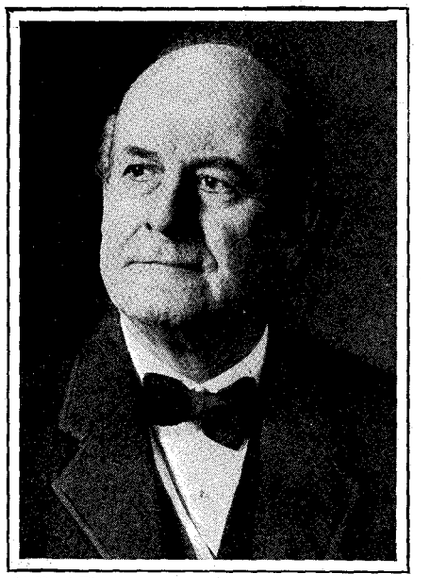
Bernstorff I had known for a number of years. I had first met him in 1888 when I was on my first mission to Turkey and he was attaché of the German Embassy. Later he came to Washington as Ambassador when I was in the Cabinet, and we met frequently there.

The conversation was general, although it was inevitable that we should discuss the war. Bernstorff voiced the usual claim of the Germans, that they did not want war, and that the Kaiser and the German Government stood for peace. When he had dilated upon that theme, I asked him:

"Is that the present sentiment and attitude of your country?"

He replied that it certainly was when he left Berlin only two weeks before, on returning to America from his leave of absence.

Knowing how anxious President Wilson was to use any proper opportunity for ending the war, I asked Bernstorff whether his Government would entertain a proposition for mediation.



(C) Paul Thompson

William J. Bryan, who, as Secretary of State, eagerly co-operated with Mr. Straus in his effort to stem the tide of the Great War

"Speaking for myself, I certainly would entertain such a proposition," he replied, but added that he could not speak officially, since cable communication with his Government had been cut off for a week or more.

I asked him whether, in his opinion, his Government would give favorable consideration to such a proposal. He said that before leaving Berlin he had discussed with the Chancellor the possibility of mediation, following the report of President Wilson's statement that he was ready to offer his services as mediator to both parties, and the Chancellor had said that the war had but begun and it was too early to instruct regarding mediation until the offer was presented. The Ambassador added that his personal opinion was that his Government would accept an offer of mediation. I regarded his statement as significant, and asked him if I might use it in such a manner as I saw fit. He replied that he had no objection.

As we rose from the table, I made sure of my understanding of his statements, and then the thought occurred to me that the best thing to do was to report the conversation to Secretary of State Bryan, so that he might, if he saw fit, bring it before the President. I so informed Bernstorff, and again he told me he had no objection.

A FLYING TRIP TO WASHINGTON

I looked at my watch. It was ten-fifteen. I announced that I would go to Washington on the midnight train. My host suggested that I "sleep on it and don't hurry;" but I concluded that if there was anything I could do to shorten

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Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, British Ambassador, who doubted Germany's good faith concerning the subject of mediation

the war by even a few hours I would have to charge myself with neglect of duty if on account of personal convenience I had refrained from doing so. The next day was Sunday; the day after was Labor Day; and all the while thousands were falling on the battlefield. Several of the guests agreed with my decision, so I bade them good-night, called my motor, and caught the midnight train for Washington.

On Sunday morning I repeated to Mr. Bryan at his home my conversation with Bernstorff, and Bryan believed, as I did, that it might pave the way to mediation. I suggested that he have the German Ambassador come to Washington and speak with him. He communicated with the German Embassy, and Bernstorff arrived the following morning.

Bryan presented the subject to the President, who expressed himself as pleased with the possibility of a favorable outcome. The Secretary advised me to see the British Ambassador, Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, and the French Ambassador, M. Jusserand. He had already informed them as to what had taken place and of my presence in Washington. Sir Cecil asked whether I would kindly come to the Embassy, and I suggested that he arrange to have the French Ambassador also present. This he did.

When I reached the Embassy we were soon joined by M. Jusserand. Both agreed that the mediation proposal was deserving of serious attention, but Sir Cecil had little confidence in Bernstorff, who had been his colleague at Cairo, where they had represented their respective Governments. He asked whether I thought an ambassador would make such a statement as Bernstorff's without authority from his Government. I replied that both he and M. Jusserand were better qualified to answer that question, upon which M. Jusserand said that he knew that no ambassador under the German system would dare make such remarks without previous authority from his Government.

"That is so much the better," I commented.

Sir Cecil declared that German diplomacy was peculiar and that the Foreign Office had no conscience in disavowing statements by its ambassadors if it suited Germany's purpose.

After we had gone over the whole subject, both Ambassadors stated that if it held one chance in a hundred of shortening the war, it was their duty to entertain it. I replied that I hoped they would entertain it cordially.

Jusserand in his usual happy manner said, "'Cordially,' that is a little too strong."

"Well, sympathetically, then," I said.

"Yes, sympathetically, yes." And with that we parted, both Ambassadors expressing their thanks and appreciation of my services.

I had been scrupulously careful to be absolutely accurate in all my statements, and it was therefore gratifying, after the Bryan-Bernstorff conference, to have the Secretary tell me that the Ambassador's report of the Briarcliff incident was in every detail in accord with mine, and to have the Ambassador also confirm the correctness of Mr. Bryan's understanding from my report. Naturally, I was anxious to avoid misunderstandings or misconceptions of any kind. The issue was too important.

Both Secretary Bryan and Ambassador Bernstorff cabled to Berlin, and for the time the subject rested there, and I returned to New York. But before leaving I called by appointment at both the French and British Embassies, which also had communicated events in detail to their Governments. Both Ambassadors expressed their high appreciation of my services and hoped I would keep in close touch with them regarding the matter. I told them I would regard myself as "messenger boy" for mediation. Sir Cecil replied, "Ambassador extraordinary." He promised to keep me informed, and two days later wrote me:

> I have not yet received any intimation from my Government, nor do I expect one unless something definite is before them. But I need not tell you how heartily my sympathy is with your humanitarian efforts, and you know Grey well enough to be sure that, while scrupulously faithful to all his engagements, he will do everything possible in the cause of peace.

LIFTING THE LATCH OF THE DOOR TO MEDIATION

Throughout these negotiations we took great care to keep the matter secret. Despite that fact, it leaked out in some way, and the correspondent of the London "Times" reported it in such a way as to give the impression that I had been duped by the wily German Ambassador; and there were one or two other papers that took that view. Sir Cecil Spring-Rice was incensed at this interpretation and wrote me on October 3:

> I am sure no one who knows you and knows the facts would ever think that you were either duped, or the secret agent of Germany. I am quite positive that Sir Edward Grey would

Paul Thompson

Earl Grey, with whom Mr. Straus had an important conference in England on the sanctity of international obligations in the early days of the war

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never have such an idea. What you did—and what I hope you will continue to do—is a work of pure philanthropy.

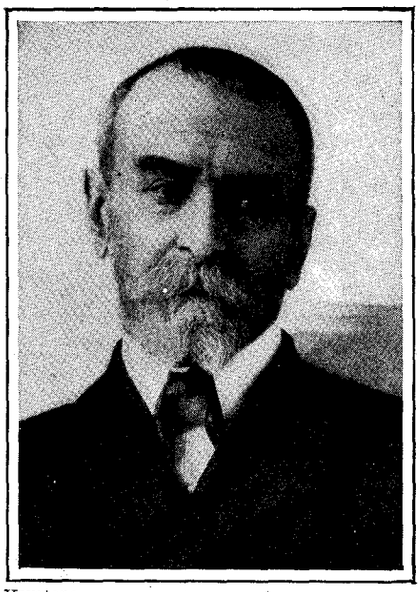
On October 15 he wrote me again, saying that when the London "Times" representative returned to Washington from New York he would set him right as to the facts, with a view to having the report corrected, and adding:

> We used to say at school, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they get more kicks than halfpence!" It represents a melancholy truth, but, however, I am sure every well-thinking person must appreciate your beneficent efforts.

But in general the press of Great Britain expressed its appreciation of the services I had rendered in lifting the latch of the door to mediation.

A letter from Sir Edward Grey concerning the negotiations sheds important light upon the British attitude:

> Foreign Office, London, S.W.
> Saturday, 26 September, 1914.
>
> *Dear Mr. Straus:*
>
> Thank you for your letter of the 9th. I am so busy that I have not time to write at any length; but do not let that make you suppose that I am out of sympathy with what you say.
>
> First of all, however, we must save ourselves and the West of Europe, before we can exercise any influence elsewhere. The Prussian military caste has dominated Germany, and the whole of the West of Europe is in danger of being dominated by it. The German Government, in the hands of this military caste, prepared this war, planned it, and chose the time for it. We know now that the war has revealed how thoroughly the German preparations had been made beforehand; with an organization and forethought which is wonderful, and would have been admirable had it been devoted to a praiseworthy purpose. Not one of the other nations now fighting against Germany is prepared in the same way.
>
> Now, we wish to have three things: Firstly, to secure our own liberty as independent States, who will live and let live on equal terms; secondly, the establishment somehow of a Germany not dominated by a military caste; a nation who will look at liberty and politics from the same point of view as we do, and who will deal with us on equal terms and in good faith; thirdly, reparation for the cruel wrongs done to Belgium—to get that is a matter of honor and justice and right.
>
> The statements made by Wolff's Bureau in Europe deny that Germany is yet ready for peace. If she is ready for peace, then I think that her ambassador in Washington ought not to beat about the bush. He ought to make it clear to President Wilson that he is authorized to speak on behalf of his Government; and state to the President that Germany does wish to make peace. In that case, President Wilson could approach all the others who are engaged in this war and bring them into consultation with one another and with him. But at present we have no indication that Germany wishes to have peace, and no indication that she would agree to any terms that would give reparation to Belgium and security to the rest of Europe that the peace would be durable.
>
> Yours very truly,
> E. GREY.



Keystone

Jules Jusserand, the French Ambassador, who welcomed Mr. Straus's lifting the latch of the door to mediation

GERMAN INSINCERITY EXPOSED

The history of those negotiations is presented somewhat at length because my friend of many years, the late Ambassador Page, in his recently published letters also expressed the feeling that I had been used as a dupe to throw the blame for continuing the war upon Great Britain, though he expressed great confidence in me and friendship for me. I was not unmindful of this contingency; but I felt that if the negotiations did not result as we hoped, they would serve to expose the insincerity of the German Government with regard to its peace professions. And this is precisely what happened, as the answer of the German Chancellor, received by the State Department on September 22, confirms:

> The Imperial Chancellor is much obliged for America's offer. Germany did not want war, it was forced upon her. Even after we shall have defeated France we shall still have to face England and Russia. England, France, and Russia have signed a convention to make peace solely in mutual agreement with each other. England, that is, Mr. Asquith, the London Times, and English diplomatic officers, have on various occasions . . . (*sic*) that England is determined to conduct the war to the utmost and that she expects success from it lasting a long time. It is therefore up to the United States to get our enemies to make peace proposals. Germany can only accept the peace which promises to be a real and lasting peace and will protect her against any new attacks from her enemies. If we accepted America's offer of mediation now our enemies would interpret it as a sign of weakness and the German people would not understand it. For the nation which has been willing to make such sacrifices has a right to demand that there shall be guarantees of rest and security.

On September 29 all the British papers served by the Central News War Service carried a cable from New York detailing the negotiations, which ended:

> It is believed by those concerned that an important step has been taken to pave the way for mediation, when the opportune moment arrives. In other words, the bolt on the door of mediation has been thrown back so that it will be possible for the door to be opened without either side being forced to take the initiative. Time will doubtless show that the initiative so fortuitously taken by Mr. Straus will prove of real service in the interests of ultimate peace negotiations, and any endeavors to deprecate those services as having been made in Germany's interests are not only contrary to all the facts, but are most unfortunate.
>
> *Note:* The censor does not object to the publication of the foregoing details, but insists that publication should be accompanied by a foot-note pointing out that since these occurrences took place the German Government have disavowed their ambassador.

Had Germany's oft-reiterated peace professions been sincere, she would have accepted this offer for mediation. By her refusal the falsity of her professions was exposed, not only in Great Britain and in our own country, but in all the neutrals; and the *exposé* served as added proof to all peace-loving and neutrally minded persons that the responsibility for the war and its continuance rested upon the German Government.

WILSON URGED TO CONFER WITH EX-PRESIDENTS

For a year or more events marched on, tragically, like a malignant disease. On February 2, 1917, I lunched with Roosevelt at the Hotel Langdon, where he was in the habit of stopping when in New York. The German Government two days before had announced her submarine blockade of the British, French, and Dutch coasts, and our own entrance into the war seemed likely.

Roosevelt said he did not think we should be involved; the President would probably find some way out and arrange to have Germany's pledge not to destroy merchant ships of neutrals or belligerents, without warning, whittled down so as to apply only to ships flying the American flag. He told us that he had engaged passage on one of the United Fruit Company steamers to Jamaica for Mrs. Roosevelt and himself. Mrs. Roose-

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velt needed a change, and they would start in a few days. Regarding the war, he could do nothing more. He had done all he could. He had made an offer to the Secretary of War to raise a division, and had a whole card catalogue of names of men who had volunteered to serve in it.

His relations with the President were far from friendly. He had violently criticised him in articles contributed to the "Metropolitan Magazine" and in public addresses had urged preparedness and compulsory military training. I asked him, in view of the German blockade, what he would do if he were President. He said he would promptly assemble our fleet, put marines on the interned German ships, and show Germany that we were in dead earnest; that unless she recalled her decision to sink merchant ships without observing the rules of modern warfare we should take immediate steps to protect our rights.

"If we continue to back down, we will become Chinafied, without any rights that other nations will respect," said Roosevelt, emphatically.

In such critical times personal differences might be laid aside, I suggested, and I wanted him to write the President and let him have the benefit of his views. I went further: I suggested that I write the President about it. But, in Roosevelt's opinion, Wilson would conclude that Roosevelt had himself urged me to do this because of my close association with him.

My own relations with the President were always agreeable, I might even say most friendly. He had written me that he would consider it a favor if I would keep him informed of important developments that came under my observation. It occurred to me that on the eve of war it would be a fine thing if he consulted with his two surviving predecessors, as Monroe had done with Jefferson and Madison before issuing the doctrine which bears his name. In the crisis we were facing such a step would allay partisan differences and serve to solidify the Nation. With these ideas in mind I wired the President:

> Every patriotic American should support you in this great crisis in the history of our country. May I suggest the course followed by Monroe under a crisis involving many of the same principles, to confer with the two surviving ex-Presidents, whose advice, I feel sure, will be most helpful and serve to patriotically solidify the country behind you?

Roosevelt felt sure the President wanted neither advice nor co-operation, though he himself was ready to give the fullest co-operation should Wilson desire it. He thought the same was true on the part of Mr. Taft. The telegram, to my surprise, was given out at Washington to the press a day or two later, but nothing ever came of it.

On February 7 the country was more or less agreeably surprised to learn that Count von Bernstorff had been given his passports and Ambassador Gerard at Berlin had been instructed to demand his. I say the country was surprised because the President had so long avoided such a step—even after the sinking of the Lusitania and the Sussex following his "strict accountability" and other strong statements—that it was generally believed he did not mean to take it.

Roosevelt, of course, thought that we should have taken such action long before. His contention was always that had we taken prompt and decisive steps after the Lusitania tragedy we should have been spared the submarine invasions. He thought we should have acted when Germany announced her submarine blockade and possibly saved ourselves from the Lusitania horror. Now that diplomatic relations were broken off, he canceled his trip to Jamaica, not wishing to be out of the country when war was likely to be declared at any moment.

"THE GOLDEN CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION"

After Ambassador Straus attended the Plenary Session of the Paris Peace Conference he wrote in his "Random Notes:" "I regard this day and its happenings as the golden chapter in the history of civilization." In next week's chapter of his Autobiography he describes the imposing sessions at the Quai d'Orsay, the brusque Clemenceau, the statesmen of fourteen nations, and President Wilson speaking for 1,200,000,000 people. When Mr. Straus arrived in Paris as Overseas Chairman of the League to Enforce Peace, he was at once informed by Colonel House that because of Léon Bourgeois's insistence upon certain additional provisos in the Covenant the League of Nations was "on the rocks." Mr. Straus immediately hunted up Bourgeois, and after a long conference secured the Frenchman's promise that France would support the League as preliminarily drafted, but that he would have to refer to the special clauses for political effect. Mr. Straus was therefore able to report back to Colonel House that the League was "off the rocks." Memorable impressions of the historic Conference and its subtle political background are revealed in next week's chapter.

FINAL IMPRESSIONS OF ROOSEVELT

A few days before Christmas, 1918, I called on Roosevelt at the Roosevelt Hospital, where he was convalescing from his seven weeks' illness, believed to have been inflammatory rheumatism. He was dressed in his *robe de chambre* and was seated in an armchair with a pile of books before him. He looked neither enfeebled nor emaciated, though he showed signs of illness. When I asked him how he had been since my last visit, for I had called on him frequently during his illness, he told me that he had had an attack of embolism—I think that was the ailment—which showed in his wrists, and that his fever had gone up to 104. But that was all gone, and he was again feeling fine. The old vivacious glow was on his face. He was planning to return to Sagamore Hill to spend Christmas.

The next day Roosevelt left the hospital to return to his home in Oyster Bay. He apparently gave every indication that soon he would be entirely well again and be with us for many years. Certainly that is what we all expected. He was only sixty.

Exactly two weeks later, on January 6, 1919, I received a telephone call at seven o'clock in the morning from his secretary, announcing that Roosevelt had died early that morning. For thirteen years or more he had had a large and affectionate share in our lives and thoughts, and Mrs. Straus and I felt as though we had been stricken with the loss of a member of our immediate family. I can truly say that I never had a more loyal or a dearer friend. He always treated me and mine as if we were among his nearest relatives.

On January 8 my wife, my son's wife, and I motored to Oyster Bay to attend the funeral in the little Episcopal church which had been Roosevelt's place of worship. The building held only about three hundred and fifty persons, so that none but his family and close friends could be present. There was a committee from the United States Senate headed by Vice-President Marshall; and another from the House. Among the guests were: Elihu Root, Truman H. Newberry, H. L. Stimson, J. R. Garfield; Mrs. Garfield, ex-President Taft, and Governor Hughes. William Loeb, Jr., and Captain Archie Roosevelt were ushers. The other sons, Theodore and Kermit, were still in France. The church was filled with a company of sincere friends and bereaved mourners. The regular Episcopal service was begun at twelve-forty-five, and lasted about twenty-five minutes, when we all accompanied the body to the little

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cemetery on the side of the hill half a mile away.

A day hardly passes without its scores of pilgrims to that grave. They come from near and far. They lay a few flowers on the grave. On holidays and Sundays they come by the hundreds. Two years ago the intimate friends of Roosevelt, who had been officially or personally associated with him, formed the Roosevelt Pilgrimage, an association whose purpose is to keep alive the ideals and personality of Theodore Roosevelt by an annual visit to his grave and a simple ceremony. On January 6, 1922, some sixty persons made the pilgrimage, headed by Dr. Lyman Abbott, permanent chairman of the association. James R. Garfield read Roosevelt's Nobel Peace Prize address, delivered in Christiania in 1910, at the conclusion of which some wreaths were laid on the grave. Mrs. Roosevelt invited us all to luncheon, and the old-time hospitality and friendliness of the Roosevelt home brought many memories of our departed leader.

After luncheon the annual meeting of the Pilgrimage took place in the great North Room, where Roosevelt had so often received his friends and guests. Dr. Abbott made a brief and feeling address, and Mrs. Richard Derby (Ethel Roosevelt) read from the original manuscript Roosevelt's proclamation of 1912 which called into being the Progressive Party. Hermann Hagedorn read a poem entitled "The Deacon's Prayer," by Samuel Valentine Cole, which had especially appealed to Roosevelt. The last stanza may well be regarded as the prayer of our people more than once since the Great Soul departed:

"We want a man whom we can trust
To lead us where thy purpose leads;
Who dares not lie, but dares be just—
Give us the dangerous man of deeds!"
So prayed the deacon, letting fall
Each sentence from his heart; and when
He took his seat the brethren all,
As by one impulse, cried, "Amen!"

THE HOLY GHOST

BY WITTER BYNNER

I had been bound that I should see his beak
Bearing the key of heaven,
And I had girded up my heart to seek
By all the seas, all seven . . .
But yesterday I listened and I heard,
Just seven miles from town,
A little gray invisible swift bird,
A wild dove, flutter down.

MORE HEAT FROM LESS COAL[1]

BY LEWIS EDWIN THEISS

Ever since Gulliver had his talk with the king of Brobdingnag, the world has been awarding the palm of excellence to the man who can make two ears of corn grow where only one grew before. Just now, at least in the United States, we are looking for another magician of the same sort. There is a wreath all ready for the man who will show us how to make one lump of coal do the work of two. While we are waiting for that magician, the best thing we can do is to follow Uncle Sam's directions for making our one lump of coal deliver as nearly as possible one hundred per cent of the heat contained in it.

To do that we must, first of all, pay more attention to the regulation of our stoves and furnaces, because most householders waste a considerable proportion of the fuel they use through ignorance of proper methods of heater regulation. According to the Bureau of Mines, draught regulation is perhaps the most important factor in burning coal efficiently in house-heating furnaces. Draught is regulated mainly by dampers—one in the ash-pit door, one in the firing door, and one in the smoke-pipe. Some smoke-pipes have two dampers.

To operate these dampers properly one must understand their functions. The damper in the ash-pit door regulates the amount of air flowing up through the fire, and so determines the rate of combustion. The damper in the firing door supplies the air necessary to burn the gases arising from the fuel bed. Opening the damper in the smoke-pipe checks the flow of air through the fire. Though these facts are almost self-evident, considerable care is required to operate these dampers efficiently.

For example, when soft coal is thrown onto a hot fire, gas is promptly liberated. Unless this gas is burned, it will flow up the chimney unconsumed and its heat be lost. The damper in the fuel door, therefore, must be opened just enough to admit sufficient air to allow the perfect combustion of these excess gases. After these gases have been burned, the quantity of air supplied above the fuel bed should be reduced by closing the fire-door damper. But no rule for such closing can be stated, because different fuels give off differing amounts of gas. Soft coal, for instance, gives off a very large volume of these combustible gases. Anthracite gives off so little that ordinary leakage about the door gives ample air. The damper must be regulated in accordance with the amount of gas to be burned. A little experiment and observation will quickly show the householder how to regulate this damper. With coal at $14 or more a ton, it will pay any householder to try to get one dollar's worth of heat from each one hundred cents' worth of coal he must buy. One can see the unburned coal among the waste ashes, and so one has a visual reminder of how much coal one has wasted through improper furnace regulation. But one cannot see the lost gases, and so one hardly realizes that there has been waste also in that direction. We should be particular, therefore, to try to avoid it.

This waste of actual coal that we send away in the ash-can occurs from a double cause: improper regulation of the damper in the ash-pit door and too much shaking of the fire. If too little draught is provided, a part of the fuel will be unconsumed; and if too much draught is allowed, combustion will be unnecessarily rapid. Either course means waste. Again the householder must observe and experiment in order to strike

[1] This article was submitted to the United States Bureau of Mines and has been approved by its chief mechanical engineer.—The Editors.

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the happy medium. And he must do so with every new fuel he burns, because of the great differences in the burning qualities of fuels, even of the same sort.

As for managing the grate, we are told by Mr. A. M. Daniels, expert for the Department of Agriculture, that a fire should not be shaken down more than three times a day, and generally not more than twice. As soon as the first bright spot is seen through the grate, stop shaking. Rock the grate back and forth rather than turn it over completely. Disturbing the fire by poking is also advised against unless this is absolutely necessary. However, some coals make clinkers that fuse into large masses. These will not go through the grate and must be worked up with a poker and taken out through the fire door. But this occurs seldom. To try to work such a mass through the grate would mean that much unconsumed coal would also go through the grate.

Never shake live coals through the grate. To be sure, the ashes could be sifted and these coals recovered; but few of us are willing these days to sift ashes. The better way is to avoid shaking down the unburned coal. In mild weather a considerable accumulation of ashes can profitably be left on the grate.

But ashes should never be allowed to remain in the ash pit. The volume of the ash pit is carefully calculated and is designed to permit enough air to pass into and through it to burn the fuel properly and at the same time keep the grate bars cool enough to prevent injury by overheating. If ashes are allowed to remain in the pit, they prevent uniform air circulation, hinder combustion, and cause damage to grates.

This winter, as never before, many householders will use substitutes for anthracite coal. According to Mr. Henry Kreisinger, of the United States Bureau of Mines, the following fuels, in the order named, are best for house-heating purposes:

1. Anthracite, in sizes from one-half inch to egg size.
2. Coke, in pieces one-half inch to three inches across.
3. Coal briquets, two to three inches in diameter.
4. Screened Pocahontas (semi-bituminous) coal between one-fourth inch and three or four inches.
5. Sized bituminous in pieces one-half inch to three inches.

Soft coal and semi-bituminous coal are both practicable fuels for the home furnace, but they should be used with care and handled in a way quite different from anthracite. When firing anthracite, the best results are obtained by spreading the coal evenly over the entire fuel bed. The fire should not be allowed to become too low before a new supply is added, and the bed should be disturbed as little as possible. This bed should be thick. Semi-bituminous coals of the Pocahontas type can be used in the same way, by spreading them entirely over the fire bed, and to about the thickness of eight to ten inches. They are nearly smokeless and make but little soot.

Bituminous coal should be fired only by placing fresh fuel over one-half of the fire bed at a time. These soft coals give off great quantities of gas, etc. When half of the fire bed is left uncovered, the volatile matter rising from the fresh charge is quickly ignited by the glowing coals in the uncovered half. If the entire surface of the bed is covered with a heavy charge of coal, the volatile matter arising does not ignite for a considerable time and passes away unburned as tarry, greenish-yellow smoke. Furnace and flues become filled with this smoke, and when finally the fire burns through the new layer of coal the smoke and gas may explode with sufficient violence to blow down the furnace pipes and fill the house with smoke. Such explosions are particularly likely to occur if the coal contains much slack. So be careful when using soft coal to cover only part of the fire at a time.

Soft coal makes a much more intense heat than hard coal does, and is consequently much harder on grates. More ashes will have to be left under the fire, therefore, to prevent the warping of the grate bars.

On account of haulage charges, wood usually costs too much for use in cities; but for towns near woodlands wood is an excellent fuel. Wood needs more combustion space than coal. A coal stove can be changed at very slight expense by having the fire-bricks removed and lighter ones substituted. However, very good results can be obtained in almost any stove with wood. Furnaces can be heated with wood, and many manufacturers make special wood grates for their furnaces. Short blocks eight to twelve inches are best for furnace use. Hardwood is preferable, though any sort of wood will produce heat. The best method of firing is to keep the furnace packed full of wood, with a moderate draught. The simplest and most effective way to use wood in a furnace is to combine it with coal. Pack the fire box with wood to the level of the fire door, and put a layer of coal on top. Some of this coal will settle down in the crevices between the sticks of wood, making a level bed with coal on top.

One of the most economical stoves for burning wood can be made by turning an ordinary furnace into a "Wilson heater." Remove the grate bars and lay fire-brick on the floor of the ash pit. Build a wood fire on the fire-brick, close the ash-pit door tight and keep the ventilator in the fuel door open. A wood fire made in this way will burn very slowly.

Doubtless the most efficient way of all to burn wood is in one of the so-called wood heaters, which are tight little sheet-iron stoves. A very good sized one can be had for $6 or $7, and smaller ones for $4 or $5. One can burn anything in them, and even rubbish or punk wood will heat a room well. We live in the country, and, having our own woodlot, burn mostly wood. We have several of these little stoves. Time and again I have noticed, on cold winter mornings, that when I start the fire in the stove in our living-room the temperature of the room will rise about a degree a minute. When the temperature reaches the desired point, it is possible to damper down the fire so that the wood merely smolders. Burning thus, a chunk of good wood will last half a day or all night. In the autumn we take the chill off the room by burning one or two newspapers in the stove. The fact that these stoves are as nearly one hundred per cent efficient as any stove can be makes them particularly desirable at a time like this. For half the price of a ton of coal one can buy a good wood heater. Chips, dead limbs from the dooryard trees, rubbish, old papers, etc., will make an unbelievable amount of heat. I knew a man who heated one bedroom with such a stove, and during the course of many years he never bought a cent's worth of wood. The fallen twigs in his yard gave enough fuel to warm the room at rising and retiring time.

No system of heating and no sort of fuel, however, will heat a house properly unless the householder pays attention to the matter of humidity. Air in the open contains a large percentage of moisture. When we shut up our houses, we dry the air. Moist air is like a blanket. It holds the heat within our bodies. Dry air allows it to escape. A properly humid air will feel warmer at 65° than a dry air at 80° and be more wholesome. To moisten the air is a much cheaper way of heating than to buy coal at $14 a ton. So keep the kitchen tea-kettle spouting steam, and on occasion open the cocks of the steam radiators. Set out some pans of water to evaporate. We keep an ornamental brass bowl full of water on the big wood heater in our living-room. Warm water evaporates faster than cold water. Keep your air moist, and it will help you keep your fuel bills low.

Make sure that you have fresh air in the house, as it is wholesome. But you do not need too much fresh air. The construction of the average house permits plenty of air to come in through cracks, and when it is very cold and the wind blows hard far too much fresh air comes in. The average heating system will not warm so much cold air. Then it is necessary to bar this cold air out. Tighten up the joints and cracks by weather strips, pieces of felt, building paper, etc. That will help tremendously to conserve the heat.

In some sections of the country, at least, there will probably be a serious shortage of hard coal this winter. That need not necessarily mean a shortage of heat. Hard coal is only one form of fuel practicable for home consumption. By substituting some other form, at least in part, perhaps we ourselves can make that one lump of coal do the work of two. At any rate, it's worth a try.

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"BUCKER" READY TO CROSSCUT A TEN-FOOT FIR. THE SIX-FOOT LOG IN FOREGROUND IS A HALF-BURIED WINDFALL WHICH HAS BEEN DOWN MORE THAN A HUNDRED YEARS BUT IS PERFECTLY SOUND. SHINGLES ARE MAINLY MADE FROM DOWN CEDARS

CEDAR SHINGLES

A TRAGEDY OF THE NEW TARIFF ACT

BY SHERMAN ROGERS

INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK

MY first job in the Western woods was cutting bolts for a local shingle mill. I can still well remember when I dug my first log from under the moss, and sat for a long time on a near-by stump, viewing disgustedly the decayed tree that I was ordered to saw into 54-inch-length shingle bolts. When the foreman approached, I belligerently inquired where he got the idea that I would work up a lot of worthless cull material.

He looked me over carefully, and then cryptically remarked: "I guess you're a newcomer. Pretty green about timber. When you're here a while you'll find that woods used for shingle manufacture are purely by-products, as a rule. A shingle is only a few inches long, and we use timber for it that's no good for other purposes. Timber that has smashed across stumps in falling, making only short lengths available, is conserved by cutting it into shingle bolts.

"You'll also find that big timber, especially the overripe, large cedar, generally has a heavy center rot. When that log goes to the mill, all the clear grades are used for cedar siding and other satisfactory marketable grades that are now and always will be in great demand. But you'll find that a lot of timber still remains around the heart rot. This is used for shingles, and makes the finest in the world, but it couldn't be used for anything else, because solid pieces could not be obtained in any lengths suitable for lumber.

"Remember, young fellow, if you're going to remain a shingle-bolt cutter, you'll have to get the idea out of your head that you're going to work fine big, green, merchantable trees," concluded the foreman.

For many years after that, in odd months, I engaged in shingle-bolt cutting, and it always gave me a great deal of satisfaction to know that the great Coast shingle industry was built on the manufacture of material that would otherwise be practically a total waste.

A CONGRESSIONAL BLUNDER

I was in the State of Washington this summer when the cedar-shingle free list was announced. I couldn't credit the news, and felt certain that the Western Union had made a mistake. I didn't believe for several days that Congress could have made such a willful, wanton blunder. And then my mind reverted to the shingle weavers. There are many thousands of them on the Coast. They form a substantial part of the population of such cities as Everett, Bellingham, Seattle, Hoquiam, Raymond, and many other cities and towns. These men are much like coal miners—for shingle weaving is about the only business that they know. What a shame that scores of mills, formerly beehives of industry, will now have to give way to the whimsical idiosyncrasies of Mid-Western Senators and Representatives!

The Farm Bloc group of Congressmen have a just right to feel proud of the protection they secured in the Fordney-McCumber Tariff Bill for the American farmer. There is certainly no one in America that will regret this much-needed legislation to elevate the standards of the greatest group of American industries. Everything pertaining to the farm has finally received the protection that it should have received when the Underwood Tariff of 1913 was placed in effect.

HEAVY TARIFF PROTECTION FOR FARM PRODUCTS

The leaders of the Farm Bloc were able to take practically every kind of agricultural product from the free list,

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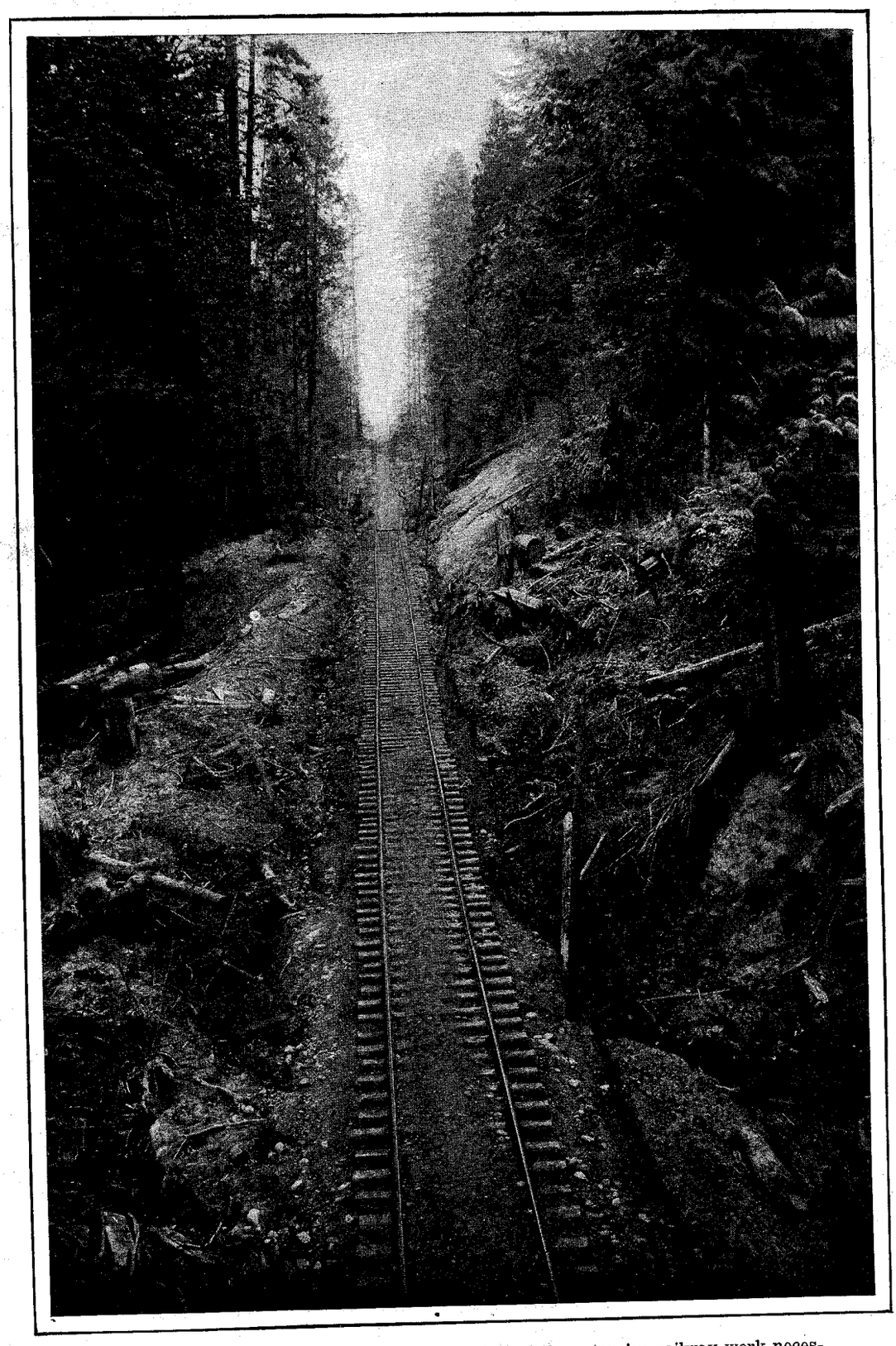

This incline, more than 3,000 feet long, is typical of the extensive railway work necessary for logging in the Northwest. Sometimes such roads are run every half-mile through the forests. The cedar windfalls in such a tract as this should be made into shingles for reasons of economy of operation and conservation of natural resources

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with a tariff that really will result in great benefit to the long-suffering American farmer. The following important products have been taken from the free list and have been protected by the tariff indicated: cattle, 1½ cents to 2 cents a pound; fresh beef, 3 cents a pound; fresh mutton, 2½ cents a pound; fresh lamb, 4 cents a pound; bacon, 2 cents a pound; and cream, 20 cents a gallon. Horses valued over $150 a head were raised from $10 to $30. But in grain protection the Farm Bloc adherents have a just right to feel proud. They took buckwheat off the free list and placed on it a tariff of 10 cents a hundredweight; corn, 15 cents a bushel; corn grits and meal, 30 cents a hundredweight; rye, 15 cents a bushel; rye flour, 45 cents a hundredweight; wheat flour, 78 cents a hundredweight; brewers' grain, $5 a ton; Irish potatoes, 50 cents a hundredweight.

Most men and groups of men vested with unlimited power generally become so intoxicated with it that they shamefully abuse it. Whereas the leaders of the bloc coterie demanded and obtained adequate protection for the farmer, the iron and steel producer, the wool grower, and almost every other conceivable American enterprise, they were cruelly unscrupulous, glaringly arrogant and domineering, toward one of the most picturesque and worthy industries of the Pacific Northwest—the shingle industry.

Despite the pleas of thousands of shingle weavers in the entire business and industry element of the Pacific Northwest, the Mid-Western Senators and Congressmen closed their eyes, and doggedly refused the protection necessary to save the shingle industry from practical annihilation.

Thereby hangs a tale.

The Western shingle industry was originally placed on the free list under the Underwood Tariff Act of 1913. Since that time over 190 shingle mills in western Washington and Oregon have been dismantled. British Columbia, however, enjoying the protecting wing of Congress, has increased its production 250 per cent during this nine-year period of free trading with America; and 85 per cent of British Columbia's entire shingle production is sold in the lumber yards of the United States.

As a direct result, our own great industry has almost ceased to be.

A great many shingle mills had of course hung on. Many that had closed were only awaiting the time when a Republican Congress would recognize the great injustice dealt the shingle industry and place a protection that would again permit this extremely necessary industry to flourish.

I say they were hopeful. They were. But now that they know the truth and realize that Oriental labor receives more consideration from Congress than white labor does, these shingle-mill owners and the thousands of shingle-mill workers, known as shingle weavers, will probably give up the ghost, while a few will continue to hope against hope that the coming Congress will redeem itself by passing an amendment playing fair with the Pacific Northwest.

It may be that enthusiastic conservationists in Washington have gained, in some mysterious way, the erroneous idea that giving British Columbia the American shingle industry would conserve the cedar in our own country for future generations. I have heard from many sources this conception of what I term the biggest blunder Congress has made in many years.

But I cannot believe that any man living in any part of America could be so densely misinformed regarding the fundamental basis of the shingle industry as to be deceived by the conservation theory. Whatever excuse the Farm Bloc adherents may offer for the iniquitous cedar-shingle clause, one thing is certain. Every man that voted for it knew that it meant the death knell to one of the West's leading industries, and they furthermore knew full well that it meant a deliberate waste of millions of feet of cedar timber that will now be consigned to the refuse burner, to make sparks and smoke, whereas formerly great stacks of cedar shingles rose from the manufacture of grades of cedar timber that could be utilized for nothing else.

The action of the Mid-Western Senators and Representatives has therefore added to the waste and created a fire danger in the Western woods for no other apparent reason than to protect Oriental labor used in British Columbia in shingle production.

PLAYING INTO THE HANDS OF ORIENTAL LABOR IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

The very best white labor is employed in the American shingle industry. These men work eight hours a day, and enjoy good working conditions. Now that the industry they have been engaged in has practically been killed, the question naturally rises, Who will be the beneficiaries?

That is easily answered. British Columbia shingle mills are manned almost wholly by cheap Oriental labor. It certainly was thoughtful of Congress to have taken such great pains to protect the Oriental in British Columbia while legislating out of employment a high-grade, substantial white population in Washington and Oregon.

I would like to believe that the action of Congress was one of misunderstanding, rather than a deliberate intention to favor British Columbia and its Oriental labor while destroying our own industry under the mistaken belief that probably the American consumer would greatly benefit, and that American timber would be conserved. I would like to believe that—but I don't. I don't think any one else does who is familiar with the facts.

It has been repeatedly asserted by men who should know that behind the shingle tariff laws there was a tremendous lobby, representing interests in control of nearly one million acres of British Columbia timberlands.

A major part of this vast British Columbia timbered area is controlled by Minnesota capitalists, and I note from the Congressional records that Minnesota politicians in Congress were by far the most active in seeing to it that the Oriental labor in British Columbia gained preference over the white labor of the State of Washington.

If adequate protection to the shingle industry would have created a prohibitive cost to American home builders, there would be slight objection, even in the West, toward shingles being placed on the free list, but it is a well-known fact, from coast to coast, that, since the cedar used in shingles is only a by-product, and since there are so many hundreds of small operators in the business, the shingle industry was conducted on such a narrow margin of profit as to be almost negligible.

I well remember, several years ago, when a shingle manufacturer of Everett, Washington, purchased an automobile. I met one of this gentleman's friends, and his first remark was: "I guess John has married a rich widow this time. *He certainly could never have bought an automobile from the profits of his shingle mill.*"

There is another story that has gone the rounds of the Washington woods for many years. If this story is not true, it certainly correctly illustrates the profit and loss side of the shingle industry. An old grizzled Washington lumberman had engaged for many years in a bitter personal quarrel with a lumber-owning competitor. The quarrel had waxed hotter and hotter, when suddenly the senior member of the two-party feud was stricken with typhoid fever. A doctor was called, and he informed the logger that he had only a short time to live. The fast-sinking timber owner sent for one of his best friends, and confided to him that he hated to die, mainly because he had never got revenge on his enemy.

"That's easy," replied the friend. "Why don't you will him one of your shingle mills?"

"Done!" triumphantly whispered the sinking timberman, as he turned his face to the wall. "My revenge is complete. I die happy."

Congress may feel proud of its action. I have personally read many different remarks, talked with scores of shingle weavers and shingle-mill owners while I was on Puget Sound this fall. These men, without exception, were so highly incensed that their opinion of the Farm Bloc action could not be published in The Outlook.

One caustic comment appeared in one of the Seattle newspapers, which, in my opinion, covered the subject very well. It declared: "The placing of cedar shingles on the free list, and placing cedar logs on a prohibitively dutiable list, is the limitless, illimitable, and unlimited limit of economic and political blundering."

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"GLORY O' THE DAWN"

BY HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER

IT must have been twenty-nine, no, thirty years ago that my father bought the Old Lighthouse Point at Middlehaven. He was among the earliest of the summer people to make a home in that part of Maine, and his purchase of the abandoned light and a hundred acres or more of rocks, blueberry bushes, and pasture land was something of an event in the annals of the town.

Middlehaven lies, as you know, on the shore of a heavily wooded island off the mouth of the Kennecataquis River. Its harbor is a crescent which bites deeply into the northern shore of the island. The old light and my father's land marked the western end of the harbor, and from that rocky promontory, reaching up into the deep waters of Kennecataquis Sound, you could look across the harbor and read the history of the town with a single sweep of the eye.

Silhouetted against the woods on the hill behind the town stood a row of great square houses built in the days when New Englanders were at home in all the seven seas. Some of these old mansions, when my father first went to Middlehaven, were beginning to fall into disrepair. They were no longer white with the spick-and-spanness of New England, but weatherbeaten and gray from neglect. To the east and the west of these relics of past greatness were scattered the smaller houses of the fishermen, whose industry, in the want of far adventurers, kept the town alive. There was a none too picturesque street of small shops that ambled along behind the ramshackle piers, and in the waters of the harbor usually twenty or more fishing sloops and dingy trading schooners were waiting for the wind.

I have left the clearest page of Middlehaven's record until the last. Beyond the town, at the other end of the crescent from my father's land, lay what remained of a great shipyard. The masts of a few fishing vessels and a coasting schooner under construction; the great gaunt ribs of an unfinished ship, blackened with years of sun and rain; and the marks where a dozen ways had once run from the yard into the harbor waters, were all that was left of an industry which once had made Middlehaven a name to conjure with among those who followed the sea. In the yard itself the gray-haired workmen told as clearly as the deserted ship of a trade which, after their passing, would be known no more.

This was the Middlehaven to which my father came three decades ago. There is a different Middlehaven now—a Middlehaven of country clubs and summer cottages, of motor boats and motor cars, of strange new faces and sharply drawn social lines. I am glad that my boyhood was spent in the Middlehaven that was before the coming of King Gasoline.

WE lived the first of our summers in the old light itself. Its stubby tower served on alternate days as a studio for my father and a playhouse for me. Some of our neighbors may have called my father "that cracked artist" when his back was turned, but most of them, I am sure, felt for him sympathy and understanding and made their feelings manifest by a hundred deeds of friendly kindness. It was to one of his neighbors that my father turned for advice in his second summer at Middlehaven. He was planning to build a new stone studio on the seaward shore of his land. The design my father had drawn up himself, and he wished to find a mason who had, as he described it, "a feeling for rocks." "I want a man," he said, "who can build me a house without destroying the face of nature within a radius of twenty miles. I want a man who knows that it is bad for the health of a blueberry bush to cover it with plaster and lime. I want a man who would prefer not to drag a heavy beam through my pet nursery of young pines." Our neighbor observed my father quizzically and tolerantly. "I think I know what you want, Mr. Tilton. You want a man to build you a house that will look as though it growed there. Better try and get Caleb Gurney." Then he added, after a pause, "That is, if he is working."

Father and I hoisted the sail of our dory and set out to find Caleb. We discovered him at last, sitting in the lee of the abandoned ship in the old yard. Great curls of clean shavings lay about his feet; the air was redolent with the smell of wood and the smoke from a stubby corncob pipe which hung at a perilous angle from Caleb's none too determined jaw. As nearly as I can remember, Caleb seemed to me then a man well past middle age. But I was only thirteen myself, and one's views of middle age alter rapidly as the years go by. His face was round and full, his hair sandy gray. His skin was flushed and tightly drawn, and his eyes were blue and moist. His neck filled the collar of his flannel shirt to bursting. The picture he made, as I recall it, was not a prepossessing one, but there was a friendliness about his glance which made me instinctively trust him.

My father seated himself on the shavings. He lighted his own pipe before he spoke.

"They tell me, Mr. Gurney, that you're a fine mason."

"Folks hev said I was," Caleb guardedly replied.

"And I have generally found," my father went on, "that you people here in Middlehaven, when you praise a man, don't err on the side of generosity. If Middlehaven says you are a good mason, you must be."

"Well, then, I be," said Caleb. "What was ye wantin' uv me?"

"I am going to build a new house over on the point," said my father, motioning across the harbor with his pipe, "and I want to get a man to do the work who will leave the point so that I can recognize it when he gets through. Do you want a try at the job?"

"I don't know but I might," said Caleb. "I ben workin' here at the shipyard quite a piece, but I'm 'bout through. I like stun work, but somehow every once in a while I get a hankerin' to work in wood. My father was foreman in this yard, and his father afore him. I guess it's in the blood. Somehow, it don't seem right that this kind o' work should die out the way it's done." He shook himself as though to bring back his mind to the present and added: "I'll go with ye, Mr. Tilton—I've heard ye're a good man to work for—an' we'll hev a look at your plan."

A fair wind carried us back across the harbor. Caleb had taken the tiller as we stepped into the dory. His hand rested upon the helm as delicately as the fingers of a violinist rest upon his bow. Our wake across the harbor was straight and steady, though Caleb's eyes seemed to ignore both our craft and the mark for which our course was laid.

"You're a good sailor, anyhow," my father said as our keel grated on the beach.

"If I wasn't, I'd be a lummox," said Caleb. "I was sailin' when this young-un here could 'a' put me in his pocket."

Father carried his plan out to the place which he had selected as the site of his studio and explained his wants briefly. When he had finished, Caleb wasted no words in questioning.

"We can bring our stun right here to the shore," he said, "in a scow. Put a pair o' shears on them rocks an' drop 'em right where we want 'em without bustin' a blade o' grass. There's a big stun wall in Deacon Turner's pasture thet runs right down to the shore. We can hev it for takin' it away. Jeff Taylor has an ole sloop we can use as a scow. There's plenty o' water to bring her in here loaded at low tide, an', with thet long ledge out there to break the sea, we can work here 'most any day snug as ye please. And when we get the buildin' done folks 'll trip over it without seein' it, it'll set here so natcherel."

Nothing was said of wages. The project changed swiftly from one which involved "my studio" to Caleb's more inclusive "our house." On what terms the work was prosecuted I do not know.

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I only know that Caleb undertook it as a man undertakes a mission for a life-long friend. My father dropped his painting while the studio was building and labored side by side with his master mason. I, too, busied myself as best I could, fetching trowels, mixing mortar, and tailing on ineffectually when the heavy boulders which Caleb had selected were hoisted into place. Caleb worked as few men work nowadays. He chose the rocks, he pried them onto the stone-boat, he rigged the shears to hoist them to the sloop, and he adjusted the slings about them when they were hoisted from the sloop to the land. Some of the other workmen grumbled over his fussiness: his insistence upon the color and shape of the stones, his foolishness in trying to save them from injury by crowbar or chain. The idea of guarding stones from scratches with burlap bags moved some of them to laughter. But they followed Caleb's directions to the letter.

Late in the summer, when the studio was finished, father sent out word to all his neighbors that he wanted them in for a housewarming. Caleb was to have the place of honor in this gathering, for my father had come to see that in his master mason he had found a fellow-artist. On the evening of the great event a dozen families or more rowed over to our point. Some of them brought deep blueberry pies, a pailful of doughnuts, a basket of apples, a chocolate cake, gingerbread, and such delicacies as are native to Maine. One man, almost apologetically, brought over enough lobsters to feed half the crowd.

"The smack had all she could carry the last trip she made," he said, "and she wasn't payin' much for 'em, anyhow. So I thought I might as well boil 'em up and bring 'em over as let 'em lay around in the pound till next trip."

But there was no Caleb to partake of all this abundance. No one could or would explain his absence until my father found the neighbor who had recommended him. "I guess," he said, "Caleb must hev quit workin' for a spell. He has been workin' almighty hard this summer, an' longer than he generally does. I wouldn't look for him too hard ef I was you."

My father did not heed our neighbor's advice. The next day he set out alone in his dory for Caleb's little shanty across the bay. It stood on a pine-covered knoll overlooking the shipyard. Once Caleb had lived in a comfortable old house near the site of his present home, but it burned down and he had fixed up an old shed for his bachelor needs.

When my father returned, his face was grave. He told me nothing save that Caleb was sick—it was not until a year or so after that I learned the story of his visit. He had gone to Caleb's house and found the door barred. He pounded on it, and at last a shamefaced Caleb appeared in a half-open window.

"Ain't no use comin' fer me, Mr. Tilton," Caleb had said. "I ain't been well." The character of Caleb's illness was not one which could be concealed. "Just been celebratin' finishin' house," Caleb rambled on. "Need l'l' vacation."

"But, Caleb," my father started to protest—

"Goo'-by," said Caleb, and shut the window with a bang.

A week later Caleb rowed across to our point, not to apologize in words for failing to come to our party, but, as he explained, to look around to see if everything was satisfactory. When he left, he pulled from under the thwart of his boat a box, which he handed to me. "Just a little somethin' for the boy, Mr. Tilton; thought he might like to hev it as a meemento of Middlehaven."

Then he shoved off, and was a hundred yards from the shore before I could even thank him. When the box was opened, it proved to contain the model of a fishing sloop. It was barely a foot long, but beautifully finished in every detail. The hull was not carved from a single block, but framed and planked up with the nicest skill. It must have meant the labor of weeks to build and equip the tiny vessel.

So it was that we learned that Caleb was not only a mason and shipwright, but also a builder of models. When my father spoke of his workmanship to some of our neighbors, the only comments which he elicited were to the effect that "Caleb had a sight better build himself a decent house than waste all his spare time makin' jimcracks."

That summer passed, and another and another. On evenings of days when Caleb had "been working," he used to row over to our point and sit with my father and me, discussing the world and his wife. His native shrewdness cut its way to a clear understanding of people and issues in a fashion which any college graduate might well envy. As the summer population of Middlehaven grew, Caleb's comments upon the new faces provided us with a most illuminating record of the course of events. But Caleb's chief interest lay, not with the new, but with the old.

In the twilight the skeleton of the old ship across the harbor seemed to awaken his mind to a thousand forgotten things. He peopled the shadowy yard with living figures of a past that he had never known, recounted the story of ships that had taken form there under skillful hands, the lives and loves of their captains, and the tragedies of vessels that never returned.

We never saw Caleb at all during the spells when he was, to use the euphemism of our neighbor, "not working." His absences from our companionship were never alluded to, a thing for which I think he was profoundly grateful. The only comment which any of our neighbors ever made to my father on his friendship with Caleb was made by the village grocer. One day while my father was in the store and waiting for his change the grocer paused in the wrapping up of a loaf of bread, gazed off towards a bunch of bananas as though it constituted his chief interest in life, and said, with an absent air:

"They do tell me, Mr. Tilton, that Caleb Gurney works a heap sight more sence ye came to Middlehaven. It's a durn shame ye don't live here in winter too."

It must have been my first year at college that Caleb's dream of old Middlehaven began to express itself in reality. It was then, I think, that I remember seeing for the first time a great long bench which filled to overflowing the center of his single-room shack. On this bench stood part of the frame of a ship. The timbers of this eight-foot vessel were not the only evidence that Caleb's home had been turned into a miniature shipyard. On the wall behind his tumbled bed hung yellowed tracings which showed at a glance the source of Caleb's inspiration. Under the thumb marks which edged the drawings I made out the name of the ship which Caleb was laboring to reproduce. Of its beauty lovers of old ships will need to know nothing more than that the plans bore the legend "Glory o' the Dawn."

"When they tore the old sail loft down," said Caleb, "to build the new yacht club, I come across them plans hid away in the bottom of a barrel. Nobody seemed to want 'em, so I brought 'em home with me. Then last winter I got a-hankerin' to see if I couldn't build a ship thet old 'Glory' herself would be proud to claim as sister. First off I began workin' with what wood I could find handy, an' I got my model pretty well framed up afore I said to myself, 'This ain't goin' t' do. No, sir, soft stuff ain't good enough for my "Glory." She's gotta be fit to sail from here to Chiny. She's gotta be finished even better than they finished ships in them days, when they meant more to their captains than home and mother. Her timbers is goin' to be uv oak; she's goin' to be planked with elum; her decks will be the clearest white pine I can find; her tr'nn'ls 'll be locust—maybe even ivory; and teak ain't none too good fer her houses and her rail. Her sticks will be spruce or Oregon fir and her fitten's will be brass throughout.' So I up an' smashed my first model with an ax an' I laid the keel o' this one last January—the 8th it was."

"You've got a life job ahead of you, Caleb," I said, "if you finish her up the way you have begun. Are you planning to do the whole thing to scale?"

"Everythin'," said Caleb, "from stem to taffrail, from main truck to keel. I've got calipers accurate enough so's I can measure her riggin' to the thousandth of an inch. They come high, but I had to hev 'em."

That first year saw the frame of "Glory o' the Dawn" almost completed. There were weeks when Caleb did

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no work at all save to potter around, looking for timbers and natural knees that exactly suited his requirements. When one of his old cronies was injudicious enough to suggest, "Why in tarnation don't ye saw 'em or steam 'em? Nobody ain't goin' t' see 'em after she's planked up," it resulted in a free fight which left Caleb's friend as bewildered as to the cause of Caleb's anger as he was battered as to his own countenance. But Caleb kept his plans to himself. I think that my father and I were the only ones to glimpse the determined dream behind his pale-blue eyes.

It was not until three years later, indeed, that even I began to see the whole of Caleb's plan, and I made my discovery by pure chance. In the dusk of a late September evening I had gone to Caleb's to say good-by before I started back to the city to take up work as a cub reporter. I walked into Caleb's shack without knocking, for the door stood open. He sat with his back to the entrance, his hands clasped about his knees and his eyes fixed on the concave forefoot of the new "Glory o' the Dawn." In the yellow lamplight he looked strangely old. I had not noticed before how thin his hair had grown, and how gray.

Caleb was talking to himself as I started to enter, and, without meaning to eavesdrop, I stood for a minute or so listening to his half-mumbled words. It was the speech of a man who has lived much alone and who has learned the dangerous habit of conjuring up spectral visitors.

"Well, 'Glory,' ol' girl," I heard him say, "they went an' busted up the shipyard; they went an' filled the harbor with bo'ts made o' gingerbread an' paint, thet come a-scurryin' back to their moorin's afore it blows hard enough to muss a woman's hair. Not much like ye, them yachts. I'd like to see one o' them bo'ts beatin' 'round the Horn an' up to Californy in ninety-two days! Thet's what ye done, ol' girl! Praise be there's some as ain't forgot it! Maybe some day—"

He turned and caught sight of me. "Why, hello, Bob," he said, sheepishly. "I thought I was alone, an' I was just talkin' to this ol' girl here, to sort o' pass the time o' day. Ye must uv thought me plumb cracked."

"Cracked nothing, Caleb," I said. "You were just thinking out loud. We all of us do that sometimes. How goes the work?"

"Not so bad," said Caleb, "an' not so good. I hev got her hull most finished, as ye can see, but I can't seem to lay my hands on just the kind o' deck fittin's I need. Guess I'll hev to get me a lathe an' turn 'em out myself. Now them davies there ain't right at all. Accordin' to my measurin', they're a sixteenth of an inch too high, an' the wrong shape to boot. I hain't even been able to make a start on the riggin'. They don't make no line laid up just right for shrouds or stays. I guess I'll hev to get some thread an' start a ropewalk of my own."

"Isn't that drawing things pretty fine, Caleb?"

"Ain't nothin' jest right ef it ain't jest so," said Caleb, and I knew that "Glory o' the Dawn" would never be launched if her builder's heart could not be satisfied.

It was this meticulous attention to detail that made the building of "Glory" so long a process—this and the fact that the town's one hotel had come to an agreement with the local political boss whereby one of the laws of Maine was honored in the breach rather than in the observance. In the basement of the hotel a bar had been set up, and it flourished like a green bay tree. Once a year, or oftener if the town fathers were hard up for cash, the bar was raided with all due ceremony, fines assessed, and the proprietor promptly released to return to his lucrative trade. Some of the money that Caleb might have spent for fittings found its way across the brass rail. His neighbors told me that he never returned to his shack on nights when he had been patronizing the bar. I guessed, though I did not say, that when the fit was on him he feared for the safety of "Glory o' the Dawn."

The evening of Caleb's unintended revelation he and I talked for a while, though most of our conversation was made up of those silences which old friends interpret as discourse. At last, with a shake of his hand and a "See you next summer," I went into the night.

It was not next summer, nor the summer after, that I saw Caleb again. With the death of my father and my own efforts to make a place for myself in the world of journalism, it was six years before I went back to Middlehaven. During these years my house on the Old Lighthouse Point had been rented to a summer family that knew not Caleb. Once, indeed, when he had rowed across to dig himself some clams on the beach near the studio that he had built, they had ordered him off in language which it is unwise to use to a son of Maine—particularly when he happens to be within his legal rights. But I heard nothing of this from Caleb. The news only came to me as a bit of local gossip upon my return.

It was to Caleb's shack that I hastened as soon as I had put foot upon the new steamboat pier at Middlehaven. The town had changed much in six years. The stores had a prosperous air; the main street was paved; and a dozen new houses had sprung up in Caleb's neighborhood. But his home was as I had left it.

I found him seated in a rocking-chair set in the midst of his unkempt yard, its tangled grass and weed-grown garden contrasting strangely with the carefully landscaped grounds of summer cottages on either side.

He greeted me as though I had only been away for a week's cruise, and I accepted the casualness of his welcome as the tribute to an understanding friendship. Six years had altered him more than his house. His cheeks were sunken and his shabby clothes hung on his heavy frame in loose folds. We talked for a while of my father and of our old neighbors, and then I asked: "And 'Glory,' has she been launched yet?"

He seemed to grow a dozen years younger as he answered: "Come in an' look at her, boy. She will do your heart good."

Inside the shack I found the masts of "Glory o' the Dawn" towering above me in the dim light. The network of rigging, the yards, many of the sails even, were in place. I caught my breath at the beauty of the workmanship.

I walked around "Glory o' the Dawn" without saying a word. She was too perfect for praise. From the gilded figure of Aurora at her stem to her taffrail, from her main truck to her keel, she was a clipper of clippers—the symbol and spirit of an age which would never come again. All I could find to say was: "Well, Caleb, you've done it."

"Thet's what 'most everybody seems to think—now," said Caleb. "Some of 'em says it in looks, some of 'em in words, an' some of 'em," he chuckled, "tries to say it in money."

"I suppose there must have been quite a few people that wanted to buy her," I said, feeling somehow as though I were speaking to a man about the sale of his wife.

"There has. Only last week Judge Talbot druv up in his machine an' asked if he could see my ship. 'Nothin' to hinder ye,' said I; 'walk in.' He looked her over without so much as sayin' thank ye, grunted an' puffed a bit, an' then said, 'Give ye $10,000 for your place with this bo't thrown in, or give ye $10,000 for the bo't with the place thrown in.' 'Judge Talbot,' says I, 'nothin' hindered ye comin' in, an' now there ain't nothin' hinderin' ye goin' out.' I give him a push an' shut the door behind his back. They said downtown thet he was hoppin' mad. Served him right, though. He'd ought t' know that there's some things thet can't be bought."

Caleb was silent for a few minutes, and then went on:

"But there was another feller here last year thet wanted her, an' he sort o' set me thinkin'. He knew ships, thet feller. 'Curator,' he said he was, of a museum to the west'ard. Said he hed to look after a big buildin' which had nothin' in it but relics of old shippin' days. There was models of whalers there, he said, cases of scrimshaw work, an' walls jest covered with ol' picters of the best ships thet ever was on the sea. He come o' seafaring folks, an' there wasn't nothin' thet missed his eye. He kept walkin' round her an' round her, lookin' for somethin' to pick me up on. Finally

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he says, slow-like, 'Thet sailor-binnacle there—I don't think "Glory o' the Dawn" carried one like thet. I think ye got thet design from'— 'The "N. B. Palmer,"' says I. 'Right,' says he. 'I'd know thet sailor there with his shiny tarpaulin hat an' standin' with one foot on a keg o' beer if I met him in the Sahary Desert. How in blazes did ye draw thet compass card so fine?' 'I didn't draw it,' says I, 'I had a photygraph made from an ol' compass an' reduced to fit.' 'My word,' says he, an' starts walkin' round her again.

"Finally, jest as he was goin', he says to me: 'We hev got a new room in our museum. We're goin' to put in it the best things we got. Thet ship o' yours would look fine right in the center.' 'She would,' says I, 'but she won't.' 'Think it over,' he said, shakin' my hand. 'If you let me hev her, she will be where thousands can see her an' enjoy her every year.' 'They could, but I couldn't,' says I. 'I understand,' says he, 'but let me know if ye change your mind.'

"I liked thet feller. He didn't so much as mention money. I could see thet, so far as him an' 'Glory' was concerned, it was a case uv love at first sight. An', as I said afore, it sort o' set me thinkin'."

I knew what Caleb's thoughts were, but I did not voice them. It is not a tactful thing to ask a man what will become of his property after he is gone. But Caleb did not wait to be questioned.

"It sort o' set me thinkin'," he repeated. "Here I hev spent a good part o' my life buildin' this 'Glory o' the Dawn.' I hevn't any children to leave her to, an' maybe they wouldn't understand her if I had. She'd ought t' set here in Middlehaven, but she ain't goin' t' decorate no millionaire's summer cottage, if I hev to smash her with an ax. She sort o' belongs to the town in a way, even if the town don't know it. Sometimes I think I'd like to hev her settled afore I go; sometimes I feel thet it would kill me if she went out o' this house. Bob, what do you think?"

I tried hard to put my thoughts into words which would not hurt Caleb's feelings. I am afraid that I made rather a clumsy mess of it. "Caleb," I said, "this ship is more than a splendid model. It is as you have meant it to be, a remembrance of great days. Some time, perhaps, this town will wake up to the fact that it was once something more than a playground for summer folk and that its people once did things more worth while than catering to the needs of even the most estimable of idlers. There's the same blood here that once found the whole world almost too small for its inheritance. Nobody asks of Middlehaven that it should be off to the Indies again; but somehow, some day, Middlehaven must apply its old courage and its old spirit of adventure to the needs of our time. It may be a foolish dream, but somehow it seems to me that this ship of yours should be left where it can carry the message of old Middlehaven to the Middlehaven that may yet be."

Caleb had not moved while I was talking; I even doubted whether he heard all that I said. But when I had finished, he looked up, and I knew that he had understood.

"Bob," he said, "somehow I'll find a way."

THAT fall a group of the summer people decided that Middlehaven needed a public library. They brought up a celebrated architect from New York, who went over the town and selected the site for the building. It was to be of brick, with a great white Colonial porch that looked out over the harbor. It is a matter of record that the committee had some trouble in buying the site, for the chairman went to the owner of the lot that had been selected with a brusque "We want to build a library on that corner lot of yours. Of course you will sell it." Negotiations thus begun did not progress rapidly. "If they'd only as't me to sell it to 'em as part o' my contribution to the library, I'd hev done it right off," the owner of the lot afterwards said. "But they sort o' gave it out thet I had to sell it because they wanted to buy it, an' I don't hev to do nothin' thet I don't want to."

A more gracious diplomacy triumphed in the end, and the corner-stone of the library was laid before the summer people departed. It was roofed in before snow flew, and the opening day was set for the following July. My vacation took me back to Middlehaven again a few weeks before that opening. As I went up the path to Caleb's house I met him coming out. There was a determined look in his pale-blue eyes, and his hand, as it touched mine, trembled strangely. "I want you should come with me, Bob," he said.

"Why, where are you going, Caleb?"

"I'm going over to see Judge Talbot. There's a meeting of the Libr'y Committee at his house to-night, an' I've got to be there," he answered.

I tried to get to the bottom of the affair with a feeble joke. "Since when have you been on the committee?"

"Never was on the committee, an' ain't never goin' to be on the committee. There ain't no real Middlehaveners on thet committee. Sometimes it seems as though this libr'y was goin' to be given to the town the same as ye would give a bone to a dog. But there's one dog as is goin' to bark at least once afore he's done."

He did not vouchsafe any further information even when the crushed limestone on Judge Talbot's driveway crunched under our feet. He rang the bell, and he and I were shown by a somewhat astonished butler into Judge Talbot's den and the presence of the committee.

There sat the Judge, his face, it seemed, more choleric than ever as it rose like a red autumnal sun from the snowy whiteness of his Palm Beach suit. Judge Talbot nodded to me, but his gaze was fixed on Caleb. Most of the members of the committee I knew, and some of them even knew me. I doubt whether this could be said of old lady Minturn, who sat on the Judge's right—"Cat's-Meat Minturn," the Middlehaveners had called her since she first settled in their midst. She won the name by approaching the butcher with a "Give me some cheap meat such as the natives eat. It's for my cat."

I turned from my survey of the room to find the Judge and Caleb casting doubtful glances at each other. Caleb was nervously twisting his hat in his hands; the Judge was obviously wondering why the butler had let us in.

"I suppose," he said at last, "you have come to see me about your boat. Decided to sell it, eh?"

"It is about the ship," said Caleb, slowly, "but I ain't figurin' on sellin' it. I know ye folks is givin' the town a libr'y, an' it's got a big hall in the middle uv it. I was sort o' thinkin' thet mebbe ye would like 'Glory o' the Dawn' to put in thet hall."

The Judge was plainly startled. The dollar value of Caleb's ship he knew even if he did not know its cost in dreams. "Why, that's mighty fine of you, Caleb—Mr. Gurney. I am sure our committee will be delighted to have it."

"I wasn't figurin' on givin' it to the committee," said Caleb. "I wanted to give it to the libr'y when it belonged to the town."

"Of course, of course," said Judge Talbot, "we understand that perfectly." His eye invited the acquiescence of his fellow-committee members. Most of them knew Caleb's ship by reputation if not by sight, and they all nodded approval. Old lady Minturn even went so far as to say that she thought it would look "just too pretty for anything."

Caleb was invited to sit and discuss his gift. He sank into a great leather armchair, still clinging tightly to his twisted hat. The beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead and the knuckles of his hands were white.

Before we took our departure even the details of the transfer had been almost irretrievably arranged. Judge Talbot believed in striking while the iron was hot. I think that before the evening was over he sensed a little of the sacrifice that Caleb was making. At least when we turned to go he shook hands with Caleb with a cordiality which surprised me. I doubt whether Caleb noticed the change. Beyond the thought that he had agreed to part forever with "Glory o' the Dawn" I do not think that his mind was aware of what had passed, of what he had said or what had been said to him. When we at last went out into the night, he leaned heavily on my arm as he stumbled down the driveway. I felt tears strike my hand more than once, but neither he nor I spoke until we reached his house. Then it was just "Good-night, Bob," and "Good-night,

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Caleb," and I turned away without trusting myself to say more.

BETWEEN the evening at Judge Talbot's and the day set for the dedication of the library I saw little of Caleb. I kept away from his house, partly because I felt there was nothing I could do which would help to make the coming separation from "Glory o' the Dawn" easier for him, and partly because of an occurrence which did not bode well for Caleb.

It was the very next day after the meeting of the Library Committee that a schooner bearing a deck-load of unsavory fish dropped anchor in Middlehaven harbor. There was more interest in the doings of that schooner than its apparent cargo might lead one to suppose. At dusk a dozen or more rowboats could be seen clustered about her, bargaining for fish—fish that the next morning were to be found floating in the harbor waters or left high and dry on the beach by the receding tide. The schooner, having finished her business and emptied her hold of sundry boxes containing nothing which ever came out of the sea, departed on her way—some three hours before a patrol-boat flying the flag of the Treasury Department appeared on the scene. Concerning her after history I know nothing and concerning her cargo almost as little. I only know that Judge Talbot's launchman was among those present when she discharged her load; I know that the hotel-keeper was also represented, and that there was an unaccustomed hilarity along the water-front of Middlehaven for several days after the schooner's departure. I know, too, that part at least of one case found its way to Caleb's house. Broken as he was by his impending loss, it is not to be wondered at that he gave in to the thing which meant at least a brief forgetfulness. Of course I should have stayed with him at this time, but something of that old reluctance, which I had shared with my father, to recognize a side of Caleb so discordant with the character which he had shown to us made me fear to intrude.

When the day for the dedication of the library came, I went to his house with a group of old friends from the town. I did not find that the Middlehaveners were as enthusiastic as they might have been over this prospect of a ceremonial gathering in Caleb's front yard. For obvious reasons he did not stand very high in the estimate of the townspeople. Added to this, the prospect of playing second fiddle to the Library Committee, which had arranged for the gathering, did not increase the atractiveness of the affair. The only Middlehaveners who had any official part in the arrangements were the three selectmen, and the rôle which had been assigned to them was very largely that of passive recipients.

When we arrived, it was to find that Caleb's house had been festooned with red-white-and-blue bunting. Three or four girls of the summer colony were tacking up the last strips as we approached. Caleb himself sat in the old rocker on his doorstep. He was dressed in an ancient suit which once had been black, but which showed almost green in the hot sun which beat down mercilessly upon the little gathering. He did not seem to see the people around him; he did not even stop rocking to and fro when one of the girls who had been decorating his house stooped and pinned a rose in his buttonhole. I was close behind him as she did it, and I heard her say: "Mr. Gurney, we all think you are just wonderful, really we do. You are giving lots more to the library than all the other people put together." But Caleb only rocked and twisted his handkerchief in his hands. I stepped beside him and put my hand on his shoulder. "It's all right, Caleb," I said; "you are doing a mighty big thing." He reached up, touched my hand for an instant, and then went on rocking back and forth. But his eyes never left the model of "Glory o' the Dawn," which stood, sails set as for a far voyage, in the center of his weed-grown yard.

"Glory o' the Dawn" was supported at either end by a flag-draped saw horse, and behind her a stand some six feet high had been erected, large enough to contain half a dozen chairs and a table bearing a white pitcher of ice-water. The stand as well as the house had been hung with bunting. As I stood at Caleb's side and looked through the lofty spars of his vessel to this platform, decked out in Fourth of July magnificence, I had the feeling that the whole setting of the scene was strangely inappropriate. It seemed to me almost as though this flimsy stand upon which the pitiable old man beside me was to mount should have been hung in the black of a scaffold rather than the gay colors of our National holiday.

While I stood there the schoolgirls, dressed in white muslin, had grouped themselves in a restless half-circle between us and the ship. On one side of the yard there were perhaps twenty or thirty men and women of the summer colony, chatting and laughing among themselves. In this group there were some with golf bags in their hands. Obviously they had stopped to see the sight on their way to the country club. I noticed one fresh-faced college boy in white flannels gazing intently at the ship and then at Caleb. At last he laid his clubs on the ground and walked over to Caleb's chair. "That's a beautiful ship of yours, Mr. Gurney," he said. "I want to thank you for my share in the gift you are making." He flushed a little and went on, "You know, Middlehaven means a lot to some of us—maybe more than we mean to Middlehaven." Caleb took his outstretched hand, mumbled a few words, and the boy slipped back among his friends.

In a separate group on the other side of the yard stood and sat perhaps an equal number of people from the town. Somehow they seemed to have an even greater air of detachment from the proceedings than the summer people themselves. Few of them had anything in common with Caleb; fewer still felt that the summer people had anything in common with them.

There was a lull in the chatter on both sides of the yard. Judge Talbot beckoned to the selectmen and with two members of his committee mounted the platform. When the others were seated, he advanced to the edge and, looking through the rigging of "Glory o' the Dawn," waved a friendly but rather ponderous hand to the circle of children. "I think," he said, "that we would like to start this brief ceremony by singing the 'Star-Spangled Banner.' We want you children to start the song and the grown-ups will join in—if they can."

The children struggled to their feet and, under the leadership of a teacher with a pitch-key, launched themselves boldly into song. When the shrill notes had died away—few deeper voices had joined in—Judge Talbot wiped his forehead with a silk handkerchief, drank a glass of water, and began his heavy-footed remarks. I doubt if any one remembers much of what he said. Certainly all that I can recall are his concluding words: "And now, citizens of Middlehaven, let us stand in honor of the man who has given the chief adornment of our new library. Mr. Gurney, we want you here on the platform beside us."

Caleb shook himself, stood, swayed, and caught my arm. The half-circle of school-children opened, and we moved together towards the platform. I felt Caleb's hand trembling as though he were stricken with the palsy.

He let go my arm, caught the edge of the platform, stumbled up the steps, clutched Judge Talbot, and then leaned heavily on the table. I do not think that he saw anything of the circle of curious faces grouped in a half-moon behind the vessel of his dreams. Judge Talbot stepped forward again, touched Caleb's shoulder and called, "Now three cheers for Mr. Gurney." Again the shrill cries of the children drowned out their elders' voices. The patter of polite applause which followed soon died away.

Judge Talbot glanced a bit anxiously at Caleb, fumbled at his watch, and announced that "after Mr. Gurney has said a few words we will all adjourn to the library for the dedication. Members of the Library Committee and the selectmen will head the procession, and this beautiful boat will be carried in state on the float we have prepared. I trust you will all fall in behind." He turned and in quieter tones said, "Now, Mr. Gurney, just a few words and we will be on our way. You are going to ride with me in my automobile."

Caleb had hardly moved during the welcome which he had received save that his body swayed to and fro as if he were balancing himself on the deck of a plunging ship. At Judge Talbot's

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words he moved forward to the edge of the platform, his eyes fixed on "Glory o' the Dawn." He wet his lips with his tongue, but we heard no sound. Incessantly his hands worked and twisted at the knotted handkerchief which he held. Twice he opened his mouth as though to speak, but no word came forth. The people on the platform behind him pushed back their chairs and started down the steps to the ground. Single figures broke away from the fringes of the gathering. From down the street towards the library came the blare of the village band. The schoolchildren scrambled to their feet, whispering and craning their necks.

Still Caleb stood, as though his mind were in a haze, as though his pale-blue eyes saw nothing but the beauty of his ship below him. Judge Talbot looked at his watch again and touched Caleb on the arm. "Just a few words, Mr. Gurney; we must go." At that moment from the group of summer people broke out the tittering giggle of a young girl. I do not think that she was laughing at Caleb; she had merely given way to that youthful hysteria which is born of embarrassment. But the sound of her voice seemed to break the spell which had bound Caleb speechless. He turned towards her and his face flushed.

"She's laughin' at me! She's laughin' at my ship!" His hands clinched. "By God, ye ain't none o' ye fittin' to hev my 'Glory'!" The sweep of his arms took in the whole of the astonished gathering with his menace. "By God, if I can't keep her I'll smash her all to hell."

The amazed Judge saw him snatch the water-pitcher from the table, raise it over his head, and hurl it downward into the mass of delicate spars and more delicate rigging. It grazed the hull and shattered on the ground. Just as Caleb reached for a chair Judge Talbot seized his wrist.

"Don't you tech me!" cried Caleb, wildly. "Don't you tech me! I'll smash my own ship if I want to!"

Caleb's sudden fury gave to his arms a strength which the Judge could not withstand. The end of the struggle came before any of us could reach the platform.

The two men, fighting for the possession of the chair, stumbled over the edge of the stand and crashed down upon the unsupported midship section of "Glory o' the Dawn." There was a splintering of wood and then the two bodies slipped to the earth. Judge Talbot, bruised, scratched, and groaning, rose to his feet. But Caleb did not move.

What happened then I hardly know, save that I found myself with Caleb's head in my lap. A doctor pushed forward from the crowd which had closed about us, tore open Caleb's shirt, and laid his ear to Caleb's heart. Then he looked up at the excited faces about us and said, "Better stand back there a bit, please. Gurney is gone."

I HAVE been told that the tragedy of Caleb's death has sunk deep into the consciousness of Middlehaven. It was a woman who wrote me of the change in the spirit of the town, and I am not certain of the clearness of her judgment. Single events, I am afraid, seldom alter deep-rooted conditions. I know nothing at first hand, for I have never gone back to Middlehaven since the day that Caleb was buried.

I GO A-BROADCASTING

BY ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT

IF you have ever wondered how people are coaxed into broadcasting, the answer is, They are not coaxed, they are shanghaied. Out of a clear sky—figuratively, as it comes by ordinary telephone—a voice bade me go and speak freely to half a continent and several isles beyond the sea. "Radio . . . WJZ . . . The famous Westinghouse plant at Newark, New Jersey. . . . Nine-thirty next Friday evening. . . . Broadcast your interview with Augustus Thomas for The Outlook."

Before I could so much as protest, "Oh, my dear Mr. Editor!" I heard my lips consent. The newness of the thing, the dazzling immensity, the bewilderment it brings—these are what take one clean off one's feet.

It is a mercy that I am a reporter. "Congratulations!" the reporter instinct said. "Now you are going to learn by personal experience how it feels to make the ether carry your voice to no one can compute how many listening ears. You never talked to more than three thousand people at once. You never wrote for more than two million. This broadcasting—are you not aware that a message from WJZ leaps the Canadian border in one direction, and is distinctly heard by Cubans and Porto Ricans in the other?"

Quite shameless in these confessions, I may add that I was also aware of my own elevation, and during a three days' interim I spread the news among my friends. Never do that; it invites warnings. "Hope you'll pull through, old man; De Wolfe Hopper calls broadcasting the ordeal of a lifetime." "Write it. Remember what Christopher Morley says of broadcasting: 'To err used to be human; now it is international.'" "I'm told there's only one way to avoid perishing of stage-fright. Fix your mind on some radio enthusiast you know, and imagine that you are merely telephoning to him, privately, confidentially, in the usual style."

But meanwhile came glowing accounts of the joys that follow the ordeal. Long-lost relatives would rediscover me and write. Travelers I had met in Rio or Paris, ages ago, would seek me out again. In some remote farmhouse or mountain cabin, when my voice reverberated, a cry would go up: "Come! come quick! Guess who's talking on the radio!" and within a week or less a penciled scrawl would warm the cockles of my heart.

I am not sure that all novices at broadcasting burst into song. Speaking for myself alone, I sang with great vivacity. It was partly to sustain my courage, partly to give vent to elation, and partly to groom my vocal powers for the maiden effort. Between these carolings I wrote. Not that I intended to read. Ah, no! Despite warnings, I planned to chatter offhand, now and then enlivening my discourse with a playful flight of fancy—"Peking! *Oh*, Peking! Won't you *please* get off the ether?" or, possibly, "Mars, dear, this is the earth; how can I talk to these people when you keep cutting in?" And yet—better safe than sorry!

Again, I doubt if all novices at broadcasting have a distinct mental picture of the plant at Newark. In that picture two magnificent steel towers pierced the sky, with "WJZ" gayly pricked out in electric lights.

The fateful evening arrived. I ducked beneath the Hudson by tube and sped across the Jersey flats, secretly wondering all the way why my fellow-passengers took my presence so calmly. By what miracle of self-restraint did they overcome a burning impulse to nudge one another, furtively, and whisper, "Look! That's him"?

On reaching Newark and seeing no towers, I hailed a citizen, who, little guessing the pang he inflicted, directed me to a commonplace, old-fogy, orphan-asylum-like brick structure, dark all but the entrance and an office beside it. There a watchman ushered me into a peculiarly unromantic corridor suggestive of hand-trucks and porters in overalls—*me*—think of it! Then a door opened.

I wish I might say that it opened by enchantment, for such was the impression, and enchanting indeed was the interior it revealed—creamy walls hung with paintings; antique furniture admirably chosen; grand piano; Levantine rugs; mellow lights; flowers; altogether, an effect of supreme elegance, heightened by the graceful floatings to and fro

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of charming apparitions in ballroom attire.

Toward the farther end of the room stood a rose-pink apparition reading aloud into a metal cylinder thrust out from the top of a tall metal upright. Several powerful reflectors, with lights ready to be turned on when wanted, were grouped about her. A photographer waited his cue, bulb in hand. So that is why apparitions wear ballroom attire while broadcasting. An album receives their photographs; opening it later, I found portraits of half the celebrities in North America.

I own up to a slight flutter on being so suddenly plunged into this *milieu* of ultra-elegance. But there was a stronger feeling—the desire to learn by observation the trick, if I may so call it, of broadcasting. To my surprise, it appeared that nothing could be easier. The apparition might have been addressing a mere class in domestic science, and her subject was—domestic science.

Well, why not? In the biograph's early days any picture that moved seemed wonderful—fire-engines running, trolley cars crossing a square, even a man eating. So with radio at present. Enthusiasts delight primarily in the thrill that comes of snatching from the sky any message whatsoever with an instrument they themselves have made, or they enjoy adding nightly to the list of stations they can "pick up;" only a few have grown critical.

During the apparition's performance the rest of us felt as vaudeville artists in the wings feel toward a vaudeville artist before the footlights. She was a rose-pink nuisance delaying our own onslaught on fame.

When at last she stopped reading, the piano struck up an interlude, lackeys moved the reflectors about at the photographer's command, a picture was taken, and then WJZ's official announcer proclaimed, "This being Literary Evening, Mr. Rollin Lynde Hartt, a contributor to The Outlook, will tell of his interview with Augustus Thomas."

All the decencies combined bid me pretend that my blood ran cold, or at least to declare that the condemned man went to the transmitter with a firm tread, but the truth is, I glowed and walked on air.

Confidently I began, "Hello! This is Hartt speaking. I just wanted to ask—"

As the manuscript opened with an interrogatory sentence, it afforded an easy transition if I chose to read instead of talking. Did I so choose? I did not. There was no choice whatever. In an instant half the spunk had gone out of me. In the next, half the other half went. I quailed, and thanked my lucky stars for that manuscript. It was not only because my fellow-broadcasters kept up a running fire of conversation, nor yet because there came no response whatever from America, Canada, Cuba, or Porto Rico—not a hand, not a laugh. Bad enough, this; but what overwhelmed me with horror was the spectacle I clearly beheld. Night! Illimitable black mountains, alive with people! All hating me! From a sickening altitude I gazed down upon them. The very air breathed malice and unutterable scorn. Forty years this lasted.

Looking back over that period of my life, I am at a loss to understand how I endured it. Despised, alone, and an outcast, I read grimly on to the bitter end, but there were no playful interruptions from Peking, no opportunities to rebuke the planet Mars. When I had finished, I dragged myself home, a misery of aching disgust.

I have since faced the instigator of this revolting drama—my editor and still my friend, my friend and still my editor. But where are the rewards of so much woe? Have long-lost relatives come swarming? Have old cronies turned up? Am I buried in letters that warm the cockles of my heart or showered with adulation by a grateful half-continent and isles beyond the sea? Weeks have passed. The total result is —nothing! Nothing at all! Less!

Anybody wishing to borrow large supplies of humility will know where to come. I am a blighted and a ruined man, consoled by only one thought: That transmitter—was it working?

Moral: When invited to broadcast, do not hesitate; take deadly aim, and fire!

"BOY"—THE CALL OF THE EAST[1]

BY ELEONORE VON ELTZ

"BOY! Bring me a whisky 'n' soda!"

"That's the Call of the East for you." So says the newly arrived American in China or the Philippines as he lounges back in his pin-pin chair and privately pats himself on the back (the only form of exercise indulged in until one is acclimated) for having put the thing so neatly.

But a brief sojourn in the Orient convinces him that this Occidentally obsolete phrase is not, after all, the key to the situation. He has overstated the matter. Boiled down to a monosyllable, the call of the East is "Boy!"—just "Boy!" What follows is immaterial.

Occasionally the cry is emphasized by a smart clapping of the hands, but this is superfluous, and in the case of one over-Americanized Filipino was keenly resented. When the head of the family first indulged in this indoor sport, Naba Potenciana respectfully but pointedly placed a bell before her—a bell of the tinny, ten-cent store variety. It brought her to her senses with a jolt, and she hastily returned to the unadorned use of the magic word—that tiny syllable which, whatever the tone or accent, is the force that makes the wheels go round, from the harbor of Manila to the portals of Peking.

The sunburnt Britisher, wearily washing down a sandwich at the cricket club, drawls languidly, "Boy, pahss the mahstud!" (not an Eastern dish—merely the British rendering of the relish that goes with cold ham). As his exhausted accents meet the ear, one can picture him a few minutes earlier out on the cricket ground: "Boy, *fetch* the bally ball!"

The American Army officer *en route* to drill his company raps out briskly, "Boy! Gimme that Sam Browne, kwai-kwai!" (Chinese for "Make it snappy!") Later, at the close of an arduous day in the field, he may be found in an attitude of pained reproach due to the discovery that his wrist-watch has run down. And now the plaintive cry is, "Boy, didn't I tell you wind watch every day? One day, two day, *ting puhao* (very no good). *Must* wind every day."

The doughboy, merely to put the raw recruit in his place, will probably drop into the vernacular: "Hey! Shohysa! Jobee!" (Hey! Boy! Rickshaw!) Taking his pick of the dozen which rush to his command, this young lord of creation in khaki lolls back at ease, manifestly the monarch of all he surveys. Suddenly he spies a buddy, likewise lolling and bound for the same goal. Does he alight to run an honest race on his own "pins," as he would term them? Not at all—let Boy do it!

The only exertion he permits himself at this point is to lean forward, the light of conquest in his eye as he growls, "Boy! Kwai-kwai!" Boy, ever faithful, senses the situation instantly and the race is on, both coolies flinging taunts at each other, and, although they may be panting their poor lungs out, apparently enjoying the fracas as much as the two soldiers. Arrived at the barracks, the winner—and perhaps the loser too—will probably pay his Boy three times over—assuming, of course, that these events occur within three days after pay day.

And now we come to the American Army wife and the meaning to her of this call of the East. She and her husband are but recently arrived in Tien-

[1] The United States, along with other foreign Powers, maintains troops in China under the terms of the Boxer Protocol of 1901. Specifically, our troops are there to reinforce the Legation Guard (U. S. Marines) at Peking and to keep the railway open from Peking to the sea—via Tientsin. The 15th U. S. Infantry is the regiment which has represented this country in Tientsin since 1912.

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tsin to take their place in the 15th Infantry. They go to a hotel so that she may get her bearings before attempting to settle their new home. Within twenty-four hours she is discovered by another Army wife—an old-timer (meaning that she has been in China any part of two years). The following conversation, or rather monologue, ensues:

"Why, my dear! What are you doing in this hotel? You must have been here two days! Why don't you move into quarters? Have you a boy? No? Well, I'll see that you get one, and he'll move you right out of this expensive place and have you settled in your own home in a week's time. Trouble? Nonsense! I'll just speak to my Number One Boy."

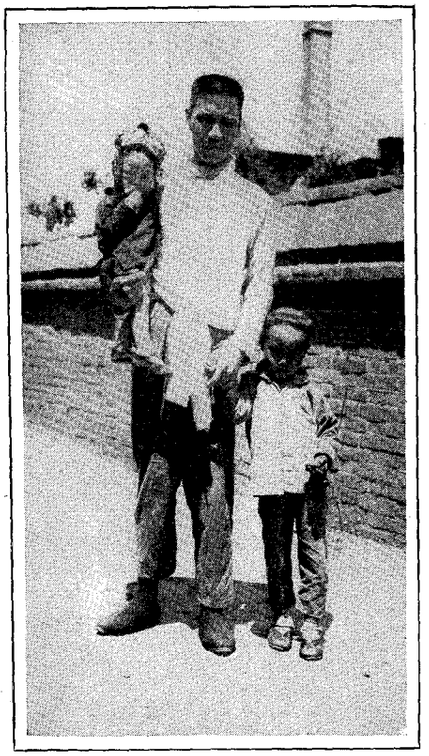
Morning brings a tall Chinaman clad in a long coat of rich, dark silk and a small round cap. Confronted with this garb and a countenance of calm benignity—not to mention dignity—the Army wife finds herself wondering if she is receiving a call from the Bishop or some other dignitary of the Chinese Church. But no—her illusions are dispelled by the smiling statement that Number One Boy of American Major send him see Missy. What Missy like?

She outlines her requirements, which seem so modest to the Bishop that he respectfully informs her that plenty officers have four-piece boy—three house boy and one-piece boy for rickshaw. But this Missy, being fresh from a Mexican border camp where she has frequently scoured her own frying-pans in the desert sands, feels that an establishment of four is an embarrassment of riches and holds out firmly for only two-piece boy.

Wong graciously humors the Foreign Missy of the Strange Ideas, serene in his private conviction that before many moons he will have his full quota of underlings with which to run the house "ploppa fashion, all same other officers' family." He takes unto himself, therefore, the combined offices of Number One Boy and cook, with the assurance that on the morrow he can catchee Number Two Boy.

His monthly stipend is fixed at twenty Mexican dollars ($10 U. S. currency), the Army wife having received advance coaching from the old-timer anent this matter of the laborer being worthy of his hire. Theoretically, $5 Mex is for Number Two Boy, but it is better not to inquire too closely into its final disposition. This does not mean that the Bishop is dishonest—perish the thought! Missy has paid for the services of two boys and will receive these services. What is it to her if Boy Number Two works for no other compensation than his bed, "chow," and the sense of virtue and well-being said to emanate from honest toil? The apprenticeship system is a ruling principle in China, and he is borne up through its duration by the knowledge that his day as Number One is sure to come.

Missy is roused from her musings by a series of bows and smiles from the



WONG—NO. 1 BOY AND COOK, WITH U SAN AND U RUN, WHO REPRESENT ONLY ONE-SEVENTH OF THE FAMILY WONG SUPPORTS ON HIS MEAGER WAGES

Boy—her Boy now—who, with the destiny of her ménage resting lightly on his shoulders, is off in quest of kitchen utensils.

To make a long story short, all happens as predicted. The next day she is moved into quarters, the Boy himself transferring those articles he deems too fragile for conveyance in Army wagons. That night she dines in her own home, and within the week there are guests around her festive board.

In the days that follow she forgets that back in her home town there is a servant problem. She finds that this Boy, whose name is on every tongue—uttered all too often in sharp, discourteous tones—is a being who is always polite, never cross, never tired, never demands an evening out. He oils the wheels of the domestic machinery so expertly that menus are planned and executed, marketing accomplished far more economically than she could do it, Number Two Boys fired as well as hired, and the family shoes shined, with scarcely a thought on the part of Missy. Practically the only time she gives to housekeeping cares is a quarter-hour each week for checking over the books in which Wong accounts for every copper spent (for your Chinaman is quick to learn writing and figuring in English and requires no school other than a brief term of service in a British or American family).

Missy begins to wonder if this state of bliss can long endure. And with this doubt the storm clouds gather. Number Two Boy's acquired air of polite reserve is cracking under the strain. He is developing a "satiable curiosity" akin to that of the Elephant's Child in Mr. Kipling's story. Missy does not mind a friendly interest in the family affairs, but there are limits to sociability even in China. While setting the table he suddenly drops the silver with a crash and runs to examine with the children the workings of some new toy. He takes to peering over her shoulder when she sits down to write. She decides that "the time has come," and braces herself for the ordeal.

But by now she herself has attained to a degree of Oriental poise which permits her to broach the subject with seeming serenity. Along with the announcement that there will be four dinner guests that night, she issues her ultimatum:

"Wong, Missy thinks more better we have new Number Two Boy. Lee do many things we do not like. Can catch other boy?"

"Yes, Missy. Can do." And this without a trace of resentment, though the object of criticism happens to be his brother. The nuisance disappears that afternoon, and Wong engineers the dinner-party in his usual adequate style, with the aid of a borrowed Boy—his "fiend."

Next morning, enter Wong to announce triumphantly that brother has been replaced by "new Boy name' Mah, who have very good face." Mah is brought in for inspection. Missy agrees with Wong as to his physiognomy, and the household wheels roll on without a jar.

The American Army wife has learned the call of the East, and knows now that while she bides "somewheres east of Suez" she will never call in vain.

What wonder, though, that she and her husband and a regiment of Uncle Sam's soldiers view with dismay the current press reports that all American troops may shortly be withdrawn from China!

YOU won't find poems used as "fillers" in The Outlook.

You will find poems which appeal to the editors of The Outlook as representative of the best of contemporary verse.

Some of the writers whose poetry awaits publication in these pages are:

DuBOSE HEYWARD
LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS
BERNICE LESBIA KENYON
DAVID MORTON
HAROLD VINAL

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THE BOOK TABLE

OCTOBER FICTION

THE old writers of ballads and tales, if I remember rightly, used to speak with peculiar unction of October's brew of ale. It is usually true that the fiction brew of October is also vigorous and enjoyable, but this year, so far as novels of the first importance are concerned, October hardly equals its traditional fame. I have not as yet had the pleasure of reading Mr. Hugh Walpole's "The Cathedral," but even the fact that it deals with Job in modern times and in an archdeacon's costume, even as Mr. Wells once dealt with a Job of our own day, does not deter one from believing that "The Cathedral" must from its authorship be out of the ordinary and in the class of quality fiction, if I may use that phrase, rather than among the novels of mere excitement and amusement.

Although the majority of the stories of the month hardly belong in the first class, there are some so good that one is inclined to except this general assertion. Such a book undoubtedly is Miss Alice Brown's "Old Crow."[1] Miss Brown's short stories were remarkable in their living pictures of New England character and life. Her novels have gone deeper, although they are not always as closely knit or as single in presentation of the main theme as one would like. As a study of New England traits and ways "Old Crow" goes beneath dialect and into the fiber of character. It is profound and intense in its presentment of the clash between what is spiritual and what is base in life, and of native purity faced with hostile heredity and environment. It has emotion but not emotionalism. It is human tragedy flecked with the rays of cheerfulness, sympathy, and devotion.

[1] Old Crow. By Alice Brown. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

(©) Bachrach

ALICE BROWN

Another story which for quite different reasons distinctly rises above the average of the month is Mr. Christopher Morley's delightful volume called "Where the Blue Begins."[2] It is easier to read this than to describe it. We are pleasantly introduced into a dog world, where the dog people live and talk and act very much like human beings, so much so, indeed, that an intention of gentle and humorous satire runs through the whole. One hates to use the word whimsical in speaking of Mr. Morley's work, for he must be heartily tired of seeing it. It is his own fault, however, for no word begins to describe his peculiar appeal as that does.

Readers of New York newspaper "colyums" will certainly take a special pleasure in comparing Mr. Morley's new book with that of Mr. Heywood Broun. "The Boy Grew Older"[3] is cleverly written. It has considerable realism in its reproduction of newspaper men's talk, but joined with a spirit of human kindliness and friendly feeling that saves the talk from the kind of realism that makes "Babbitt" in its essence pessimistic. Certainly there is much enjoyment to be got from Mr. Broun's picture of the young sports editor, who marries in such haste that one at first dubs him an ignorant fool, but later finds that in his inexpressive way he is really the victim of a deep-lying passion. When his wife skips away from him to gain fame as a singer and dancer, the poor sports editor stolidly but bravely undertakes the task of bringing up his baby boy. He makes queer work of it, but again as the reader goes on he is impressed with an undercurrent of feeling and steady purpose that balances the apparent restlessness and recklessness of the young father. That the book is humorous is a matter of course. It is also odd, and its oddity holds the attention closely.

Mr. Marshall's "Pippin"[4] is quite different from his previous stories. Years ago he made a most agreeable impression with his novels of English country life. They were always compared with Trollope's novels solely because both "featured" the parson, the squire, and the gentry generally, with villagers and farmers respectfully in the background. Mr. Marshall did this sort of thing capitally, and thereby gave gentle and humorous enjoyment to tens of thousands. Then came the war; the old order of things had a severe jolt; perhaps it was for this reason that the author abandoned his former field; but for a time he seemed to stray rather listlessly in unfamiliar fields, and his more recent books have not satisfied. But in "Pippin" he strikes an entirely new vein; and a delightful one it is for those who care for delicacy of writing and the quiet depiction of human nature. Pippin, a little restless in his too comfortable home life, obtains his parents' consent for a wander-year in which he shall see the world. Mainly he rambles on foot through the English countryside, talks and works with a "gentleman tramp" who also is a selfish rogue, with a wise peddler who loves children, with people simple, amusing, or singular. His longest stay is with a circus troupe. Finally he comes home, contented, and meets at his approach the girl who had been the last to say good-by. All this would be nothing if it were not for the really exquisite way in which it is written. In its own *genre* "Pippin" is a little masterpiece.

[2] Where the Blue Begins. By Christopher Morley. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City. $1.50.

[3] The Boy Grew Older. By Heywood Broun. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.75.

[4] Pippin. By Archibald Marshall. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.

Those who wait impatiently for each new Joseph Lincoln book to come out will not be disappointed in "Fair Harbor."[5] It has one of the fine old captains that the author loves to draw—shrewd, clever, humorous in the Cape Cod manner; and the curious situation in which the captain finds himself as skipper of a women's home gives ample chance for incident and fun.

The "Three Fires,"[6] by Amelia J. Burr, is a thrilling and stirring romance of Ceylon. It is founded, so far as atmosphere and racial depiction go, on the author's own study and observation. The "three fires" are avarice, ambition, and love. How these affect the life of a sweet-natured and devoted young Hindu girl

[5] Fair Harbor. By Joseph C. Lincoln. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

[6] The Three Fires. By Amelia Josephine Burr. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.75.

Photo by Mary Dale Clark

HEYWOOD BROUN

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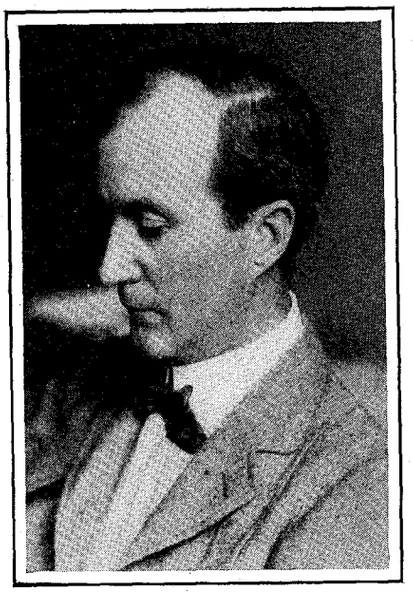
Bain

ARCHIBALD MARSHALL

Bain

JOSEPH C. LINCOLN



HARVEY O'HIGGINS

and bring upon herself and her Moslem husband plotting and crime is a theme treated with passionate energy and with consistence as to the local color and personal temperament.

Mr. O'Higgins gives us in an oddly named volume[7] fictitious biographies that are not pictures of individual Americans but are what might be called fictitious composite types. Yet each person depicted has the same individuality that a well-presented character in fiction possesses. Perhaps the sketch that comes closest to a common type is that of the Tammany boss; others vary so far from the type idea that they are practically short stories. A curious use is made in some of these sketches of one of the fundamental ideas of psychoanalysis, that of early continued repression followed by strange reaction in mentality or character in later years.

The author of "Richard"[8] has never quite repeated the success of her first story, "Christopher Hibbault." The present novel is excellently written and holds the interest perfectly. But the reader cannot quite accept some incidents and situations; and, what is worse, the lovable character of the young criminal is radically inconsistent with his acts and his companionship with low criminals. The situation is extremely tense, for the convict lad escapes from prison only to come under the eyes of his father, a British judge. The father compromises with his conscience by concealing his knowledge while insisting that the son live practically as a prisoner in seclusion and under rigid superintendence.

R. D. TOWNSEND.

[7] Some Distinguished Americans. By Harvey O'Higgins. Harper & Brothers, New York. $2.

[8] Richard. By Marguerite Bryant. Duffield & Co., New York. $2.

THE NEW BOOKS

MUSIC, PAINTINGS, AND OTHER ARTS

HERALDRY AND FLORAL FORMS AS USED IN DECORATION. By Herbert Cole. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $4.

A rich storehouse of illustration, with intelligent interpretative comment, on heraldry. The subject at first seems of greater interest to the English than to the American reader, but one soon perceives that the artist and decorator of whatever nationality may find abundant suggestion and entertainment in the book.

BIOGRAPHY

STEEL. By Charles Rumford Walker. The Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston. $1.75.

A crisp, well-written account of the experience of a young man, a college graduate and an ex-army officer, who went into the steel mills as a laborer. The hardships, the long hours, the drain on man-power involved in the present methods of production in what may be regarded as America's basic industry are presented in realistic style. The book is an exceedingly good example of a class that has become somewhat familiar.

REAL TSARITSA (THE). By Lili Dehn. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $3.50.

The poor, dead Tsaritsa cannot defend herself from the flood of narratives about her life and conduct. Whether any particular one of these is accurate in its facts and analysis of the personality of the Empress is difficult to judge, but certainly all cannot be true, for they are inconsistent. Madame Dehn, we are told, was a member of the Russian Court, a personal friend of the Empress; her book purports to throw light on the inner history of the royal circle and the life of the Czar and his family after the Revolution broke out.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

BOZEMAN TRAIL (THE). By Grace Raymond Hebard and E. A. Brininstool. 2 vols. Illustrated. The Arthur H. Clark Company, Cleveland.

The Bozeman Trail, from Fort Kearney, Nebraska, to Virginia City, Montana, a distance of nearly a thousand miles, led through hostile Indian country, and was in the sixties and seventies of the last century the scene of many battles between whites and Indians. This work is really a history of those encounters and of the opening of the overland routes to the Northwest, and the story is presented with elaborate detail and with a comprehensiveness that is probably without parallel. The work will be of absorbing interest to any one whose memory goes back to pioneer days.

SECOND EMPIRE (THE). By Philip Guedalla. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $5.

What so jejune as the story of Napoleon III and his reign? The reader familiar with it in all its details might think so; but it is more than probable that every such reader who takes up this book will lay it down only when the last page is finished. The author is a stylist as well as a historian, and his pages scintillate with striking but unforced phrases that make his subject glow with interest. His knowledge is exhaustive but is not obtruded; his narrative flows easily along and yet is restrained within reasonable limits; and his judgments are often novel but always worth pondering. This is an exceptional book and it will give a host of readers a new interest in history.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

HOMESTEADER'S PORTFOLIO (A). By Alice Day Pratt. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

Interesting sketches of the author's life in the Northwest on her own homestead. The ups and downs of the woman homesteader are described with humor

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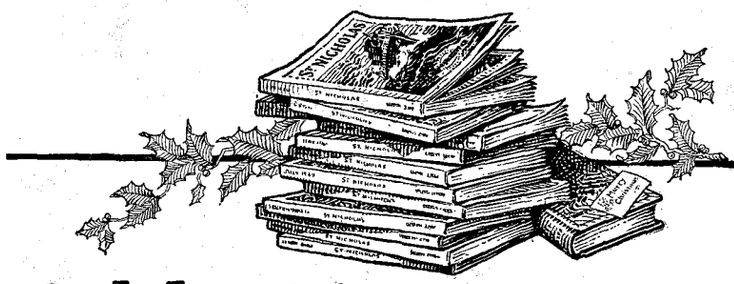

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and philosophy, and the book is well worth reading, especially by Easterners who long for the open range and a new start in the West.

SKYLINE CAMPS. By Walter Prichard Eaton. Illustrated. W. A. Wilde Company, Boston. $2.50.

Many agreeable sketches of travel that will be interesting especially to mountain-lovers are found within the covers of this book. The "camps" are mainly in the Northwest, and numerous photographs accompany the descriptions.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

FROM ADAM'S PEAK TO ELEPHANTA. By Edward Carpenter. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.50.

A new edition of one of the very best books of travel, observation, and study of racial aspirations and characteristics in Ceylon and India.

SIX YEARS IN BOLIVIA. By A. V. L. Guise. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $7.

A well-written book of adventures in Bolivia by a mining engineer. The author has a keen eye for the picturesque and a clever knack of describing it. An abundance of personal incident makes the book exciting reading.

MISCELLANEOUS

REIGN OF RUBBER (THE). By William C. Geer. The Century Company, New York. $3.

The reticence of large manufacturers about their labors has resolved itself into a new sense of partnership with the public. The processes of great factories are no longer things of secrecy and mystery. There is a terse, authoritative eloquence about some of the newer type of industrial generals when they make speeches or write books. "The Reign of Rubber," by Dr. William C. Geer, Vice-President of the B. F. Goodrich Company, of Akron, Ohio, exemplifies just this trait. It is an excellent record of the epic of rubber. It tells all about its sources, growth, manufacture, and uses. A final chapter deals arrestingly with the future of rubber.

BOOKS RECEIVED

BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

MORE MYSTERY TALES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. By Elva S. Smith. The Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, Boston. $2.

MUSIC, PAINTING, AND OTHER ARTS

ROMANTIC WORLD OF MUSIC (THE). By William Armstrong. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $5.

STORY-LIVES OF MASTER MUSICIANS. By Harriette Brower. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $2.50.

BIOGRAPHY

PRIVATE PAPERS OF HENRY RYECROFT. By George Gissing. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

DAYS OF THE COLONISTS. By L. Lamprey. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $2.50.

ESSENTIALS OF AMERICAN GOVERNMENT (THE). By Francis Newton Thorpe. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.75.

IMPERIAL WASHINGTON. By R. F. Pettigrew. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. $1.25.

INTERNATIONAL DEVELOPMENT OF CHINA (THE). By Sun Yat-sen. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $4.50.

PROBLEM OF CHINA (THE). By Bertrand Russell. The Century Company, New York. $2.

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BY THE WAY

A FRIEND "caps" our item about Pen Mar, Calexico, Mexicali, etc., with this: "I can 'go you one better'—a town named for three States. Where Kentucky, Ohio, and West Virginia come together, there is (in West Virginia) a village named Kenova."

Texarkana is the name of a town on the borders of Texas and Arkansas, and it has the unique distinction, so it is said, of postmarking its letters with the names of two States—TEX-ARK.

Sir Philip Gibbs tells in "Harper's Magazine" about being introduced to an audience by a man who had forgotten the lecturer's name. "'We have on our platform to-night a man,' the chairman began, 'whom it is unnecessary to introduce, whose name—er—whose name—er' . . . here he cast a beseeching glance at me, and I murmured 'Philip Gibbs' as he bent slightly down over the speaker's desk. He rose triumphantly and introduced me, with a sweeping gesture and a bow, as 'Sir Frederick Boggs.'"

A well-known physician who once saw the skeleton of the "Irish Giant" in London writes to us, apropos of a paragraph in this column, as follows: "The cause of his gigantism is disclosed at the floor of the skull. This shows that the 'pituitary body' was greatly enlarged. This curious body or gland, normally weighing only 5 to 10 grains and only about the size of the tip of the little finger, is essential to life. It governs the development of the body. In O'Brien's case the cavity or cup in the bone for this gland is very large. Evidently the overgrowth of the gland produced the overgrowth of the whole skeleton."

A feature in the "Armistice Day Program" issued by the Bureau of Lectures of the New York City Board of Education for the public schools consists of songs, addresses, and poetical selections. Among the last is one called "Who Won the War?" The peculiar personal allusions call for a wider publicity even if the "poetry" does not. Here are two stanzas:

Who won the great war,
Who chased the foe?
"I," said the Italian,
Sitting on his
Blooded stallion;
"I brought him low
With my bald d'Annunzio;
I won the war."

Who won the great war,
Who stopped the foe?
"I," said Great Britain,
At her teacups
Calmly sittin';
"I held him low
With Lloyd George and Jellicoe;
I won the war."

From the "Journal" of the American Medical Association:

"Don't buy thermometers in the summer—they are lower in winter."

"THAT OLD SWEETHEART OF MINE"

"I can see the pink sunbonnet and the little checkered dress
She wore when I first kissed her and she answered the caress
With the written declaration that, 'as surely as the vine
Grew round the stump,' she loved me—that old sweetheart of mine."

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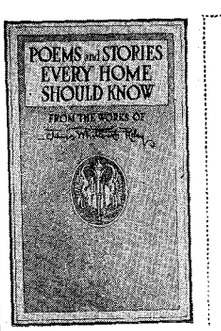

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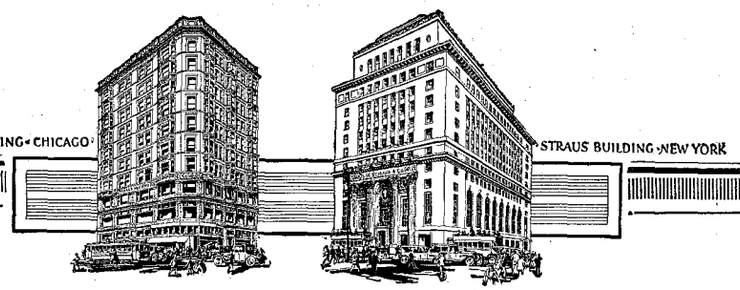
FINANCIAL INQUIRIES

A MAN wrote us not long ago, stating that he owned a certain 5½ per cent bond which he had purchased at 96. "Since that time," he wrote, "the price has advanced to 104½, and the yield is therefore so low that I should like to sell and invest in something giving me a higher return." It seems almost inconceivable that a man should fail to realize that it is the purchase price which determines the yield of an investment. Certainly if a person buys a 5 per cent bond at par it is easy to see that the yield is exactly 5 per cent. If later the bond advances in price to 110, the yield is still 5 per cent so far as he is concerned, and in addition he has a ten point profit; for the man who bought at 110 the yield is about 4½ per cent.

A letter from a woman just three days ago asked our opinion of the stock of a small concern in the Middle West. She said she had a large percentage of her savings invested in this stock and wanted us to write her at our earliest opportunity whether we considered it a safe investment or not. Now there are thousands and thousands of small corporations scattered throughout the country; obviously it is impossible to be familiar with them



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all, and in many cases when their securities are not listed on any exchange or traded in with some degree of activity it is a long and well-nigh impossible task to find out about them. We did know in this particular case, however, that the stock was highly speculative. We wrote the lady that if she were not in a position to assume the risks involved our suggestion was that she consider selling and reinvesting the proceeds in something safer. If we had wished to run the risk of being considered impolite, we might have added rather bluntly that it is an indication of intelligence to investigate the safety of an investment before buying, not after.

From a minister there came a curious letter the other day. He had fifteen shares of a stock he had bought at about 85. His broker had advised him to sell when the price reached 103 and with the proceeds buy a stock selling at 55. Of this latter stock our correspondent already owned some shares purchased around 90; by buying more at 55 he figured to bring the average cost per share down to about 72. He wanted to know what we thought of the scheme and what our opinion was as to the future course of the two stocks in question. Well, in the first place, the two stocks he mentioned we regard as speculative, and any intricate scheme depending for its success on speculative stocks doing certain things we regard as foolhardy and nothing more. Further, it is impossible for us or any one else to indulge in anything more than a guess as to what stock prices are going to do. Predictions are frequently interesting, and sometimes they are correct, but in this complicated world there are so many things which can happen that a man must be of an extremely trusting nature to invest his hard-earned money in prophecies. Presumably our correspondent does not play cards for money or roll dice, but if ever a man was gambling he was. Here, again, we might have run the risk of being rude and telling him so in so many words.

It is interesting to observe how slow many people are to recognize that changes have taken place. We all know that a few short years ago high-grade bonds could be had to yield 7 per cent, and in some cases more. Since that time bonds have advanced in price and yields declined in proportion. Yields on high-grade issues are one to two per cent lower than they were. Many people refuse to acknowledge this changed condition and still seem to think they can invest their money in safe bonds returning from 7 to 8 per cent. They scan the market quotations, select 7½ and 8 per cent bonds selling at par or thereabouts, and write to ask if they are considered good investments. The answer is, that if they were they would not be selling at par or thereabouts. It does happen sometimes, perhaps, that a bargain may be picked up, but it does not happen frequently, and it is well to view with suspicion any security selling out of line with the prevailing market.

A man wrote us recently about an in-

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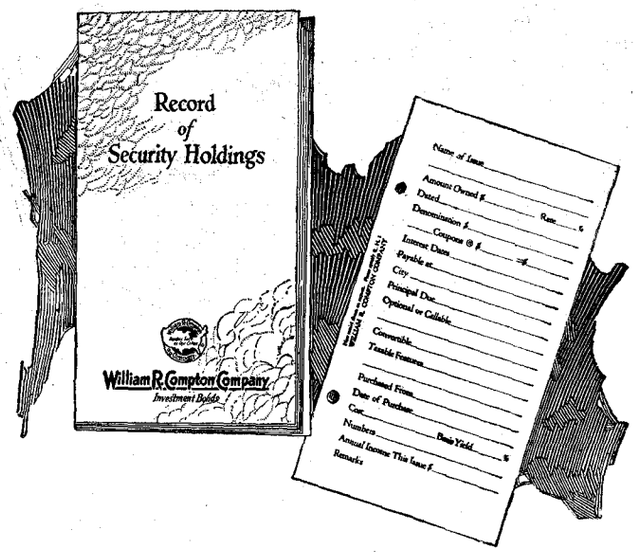

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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

(Continued)

vestment of his mother's. We investigated the security in question—a preferred stock—and wrote him that if his mother could not afford to run risks, as he said, we should suggest her selling, for the stock was rated highly speculative. He had written that the last thing she was in a position to do was to speculate. Upon receipt of our letter he wrote us again, thanking us, but saying that a friend had advised his mother to hold the stock for a year longer and then sell, because it would very probably advance twenty points or more in that time; he wanted to know if, under the circumstances, we didn't think it might be wise to wait. In his first letter he had stated that he didn't want his mother to speculate; his second letter, in effect, asked our approval of a speculation. In other words, in the interval he had joined the army of optimists who find it so difficult to realize that in speculation the chance of loss is greater than the probability of gain.

A reader in Canada wrote in to say that on an investment of $500 he had made a profit of $1,000 in the past six months. He had bought some mining stocks on margin, "and," he wrote, "if I, who know nothing about investments, can do so well, I figure that you who are in a position to know can give me advice which will make a lot more money for me." We remember seeing a cartoon some years ago of a crowd of men in a café, all well dressed and prosperous looking except one shabby individual who was reading the stock ticker over in one corner. The caption was, "Find the man who made a lot of money on his first stock speculation."

Occasionally people ask us how they can sell some building lots which they own in some out-of-the way part of the country. We are sorry, but we do not know. Real estate is a local proposition, anyway, and, besides, it is outside the province of a financial department. We might, however, risk the following suggestion to people who are thinking of buying real estate: "Never buy land without seeing it first."

To people who write inquiring how to raise capital to promote inventions, oil companies, new manufacturing concerns, and all kinds of new enterprises we are obliged to say we can offer no advice. Our function is to do all we can to help our readers with their investment problems; we can offer no advice in regard to speculation—except leave it alone—and we cannot find lucrative jobs in the banking world for young men who desire to get their hands on the country's purse-strings. For instance, a woman wrote us from the Southwest the other day that, as the representative of a certain concern, she was making on an average $500 a month. She wanted to become a bond saleswoman and deal, as she expressed it, "not in hundreds of dollars, but in thousands." A laudable ambition, perhaps, but we cannot tell her how to sell bonds successfully, and the fact that she is a success in her pres-

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ent position is no guaranty of success at selling bonds. It is a wise man who knows his limitations and does not overreach himself. This applies forcibly to investing, which is a business in itself, and should not be attempted by the inexperienced without the help of some one in a position to give them some protection against a false step. Speculation is an even more complicated business than straight investing; at best one needs good luck to be successful at it, and luck is never consistently good. The inexperienced speculator, or the man who speculates at long range, might better give his money to some deserving charity.

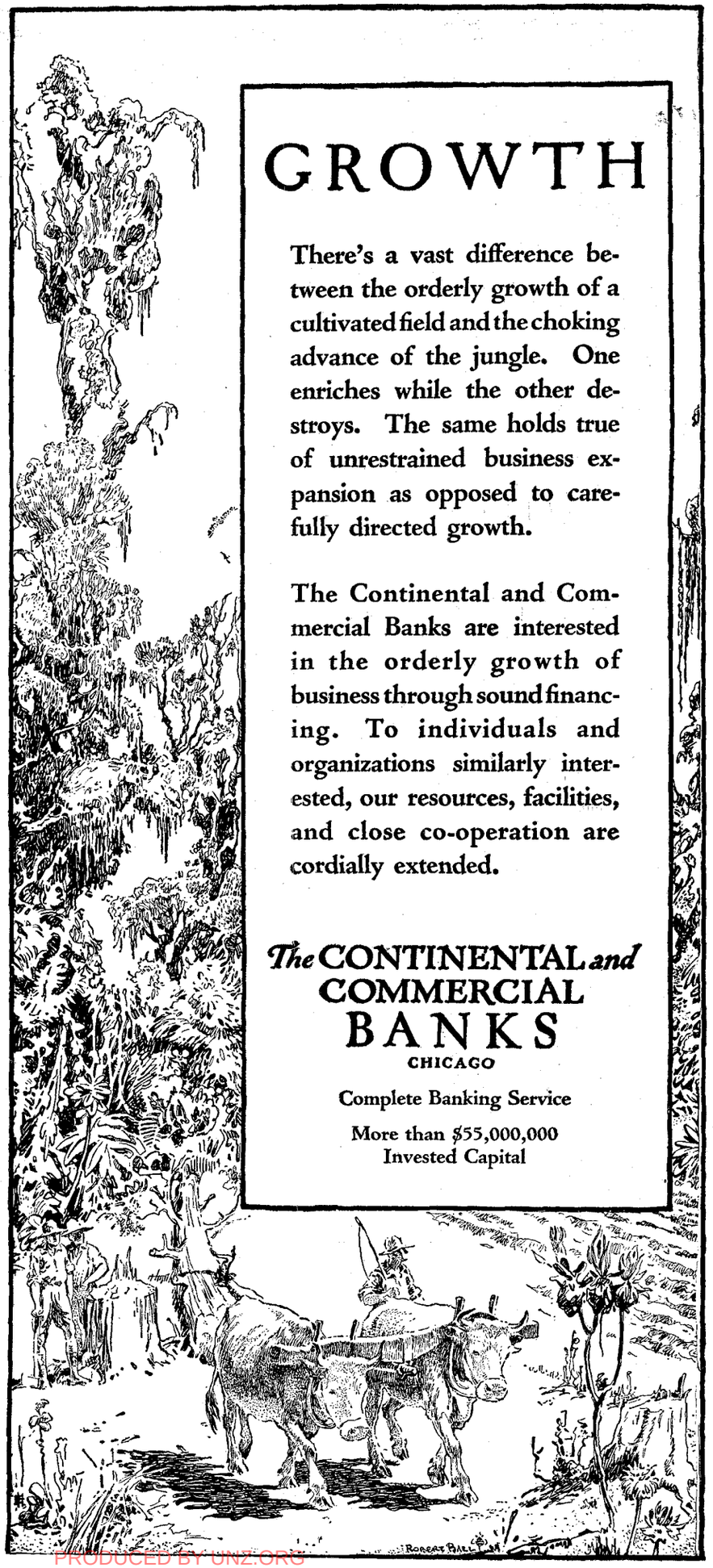
We are impressed by the large number of inquiries that come in regarding the value of securities after the investment has been made. This is frequently a case of locking the stable door after the horse has been stolen. It often happens that after an investor has made the purchase he begins to worry about the ultimate value of his securities.

There is seldom any necessity for haste in investing money. It is much better to investigate first than to be sorry afterwards. There are always plenty of attractive securities available, and the investor should beware of the salesman who tries to hurry him into buying a security by stating that the price will soon go up. This "hurry-up" method is a favorite one with venders of doubtful securities.

In general, we think it advisable to purchase only securities which are listed on one of the principal exchanges. There is a distinct advantage in being able to secure a daily quotation on a bond or stock. The investor is thus always able to keep track of the current worth of his holdings, and he has always a market available in case he finds it necessary to sell. This, however, does not apply to real estate mortgages, which should be regarded as a permanent form of investment to be held until maturity date.

We have frequently repeated the warning against endeavoring to secure too high a rate of return. We think it is a safe rule not to endeavor to secure a higher yield than the average current rates of money. Every prospective investor can easily ascertain current money rates from the reports of the daily papers. Where the current rate is ranging from 4½ per cent to 5 per cent it is dangerous to endeavor to secure a yield of 7 per cent, as the high yield in itself indicates some doubt as to the status of the security. This of course is a general rule which has many exceptions, but it is a safe one to stick to for the average small investor.

We often receive letters from persons who are worried because their bonds have declined a few points in the current quotations. If proper care has been made in the selection of the security to start with, there is no need to worry about daily fluctuations in the market price in the case of gilt-edge bonds. These fluctuations are entirely due to the changing current rates for money. Where there is a heavy demand for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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

(Continued)

money for commercial purposes, interest rates will rise and the current market price for bonds will fall. But the person who is holding for an investment need pay no attention to these fluctuations. They have no bearing on the intrinsic value of his security.

Let us again emphasize the rule of not being in a hurry to make an investment, but of securing, if possible, definite information regarding a security from some one who has proper financial knowledge before the investment is made. Beware of making an investment upon the advice of a friend. Our mail indicates that this is a very prolific source of loss. The friend may have the best intentions in the world, but it is amazing how often ignorant advice is given under the guise of friendship. It is far better to secure the advice of your local banker, of a first-class bond house, or of the financial department of one of the leading magazines before making a commitment. Again let us repeat, "It is better to be safe than sorry."

Perhaps we have overstressed the seamy side of the financial department, but experience has taught us that certain elementary facts cannot be emphasized too strongly. We are happy to say, however, that the vast majority of the inquiries we receive are of such a character as to make us pardonably proud of the good sense possessed by Outlook readers.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. I have $3,500 worth of registered 3½ per cent United States Liberty Bonds. The tax-exempt feature of these bonds possesses no advantage in my case, and I feel that my money should command a higher rate than 3½ per cent. Would you advise changing these bonds for United States 4¼ per cent Liberties?

A. The only advantage in holding the 3½ per cent bonds is the tax-exempt feature. These are therefore held chiefly by people of large income. Where this feature is not of importance we believe that these bonds should be exchanged for the 4¼ per cent Liberties.

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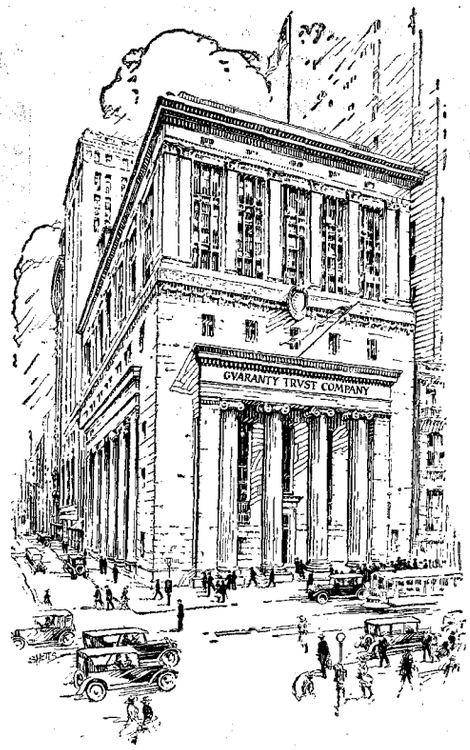

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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

(Continued)

so as to take advantage of the higher rate of interest. The security is the same in each case. The 4¼ per cent bonds are now selling about one point lower than the 3½s. In making the exchange you would also, therefore, secure about one point profit.

We also suggest that you consider the new Government long-time 4¼ per cent bonds which have just been issued. These are also selling a trifle below the 3½ per cent bonds and are of equal security. In your case, it would seem that you are sacrificing interest by holding the 3½s for the sake of the tax-exempt feature, which you state you do not need.

Q. Will you kindly give me a report on the present standing of the American Telephone and Telegraph stock?

A. American Telephone and Telegraph stock is considered as an especially good investment stock because of the nature of the business and the great stability of the company's earnings. The report for the first six months of 1922 shows net earnings of $32,364,133, an equivalent of $5.75 a share earned on the amount of capital stock outstanding during the first six months period. This is at the rate of $11.50 a year per share. This company recently offered its stockholders the right to subscribe to $150,000,000 of new stock at par. Practically all of this stock has been subscribed for, which of course increases the total outstanding capitalization and makes a corresponding increase in the amount of earnings necessary to pay the present 9 per cent dividend. The report for the third quarter of 1922 shows earnings well in excess of dividend requirements. The business of this company is such a necessary and stable one that its net earnings fluctuate but little from year to year. The demand for new telephones is constantly increasing, and there is therefore every assurance that the company will continue to cover its dividend requirements with a satisfactory margin, even allowing for the recent addition to its capitalization. The report for the first six months shows that the company now has more than 210,000 stockholders, which is an indication of the wide popularity of this stock as a suitable investment for the small holder. The stock is now selling around 122, which gives a yield of somewhat over 7 per cent.

Q. I wish to invest $4,000 in good bonds. Can you suggest the names of some good securities?

A. It is a little difficult to give this without a knowledge of your exact requirements. We submit, however, the following list of bonds for your consideration:

American Smelting and Refining Company, first 5s; price about 93½.
United States Rubber Company, first 5s; price about 88.
American Sugar Refining Company, 6s; price 102.
Bush Terminal Building Company, first 5s; price 91½.
Wilson & Company, first 6s; price 100.
Delaware and Hudson, secured 7s; price 109.
Père Marquette, first 5s; price 96½.
Southern Railway, first 5s, price 96½.
Great Northern Railway, 7s; price 111.

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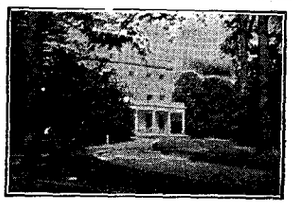

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